

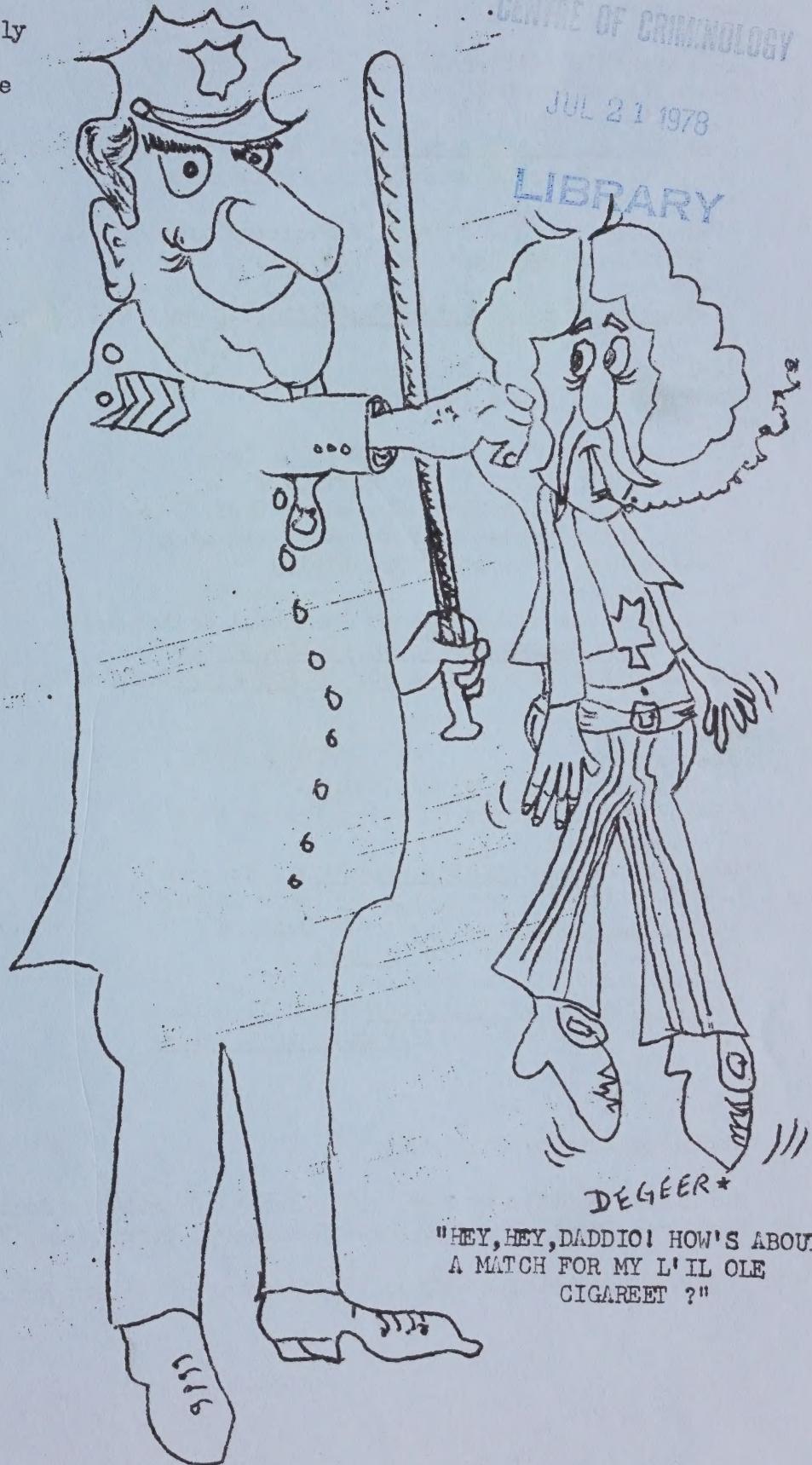
JUNE-JULY 1978
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Centre of Criminology

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June-July 1978

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Managing Editor: Bill Hutton

Published Monthly by Joyceville Inmate Committee: Paul Frank, Chairman;
Members: Harold Bastien, Drew Hennessey, Gerry Rowe, Vic Gaverley.

Admin L/O: Social & Cultural Development Officer: Ken Boone

WHAT'S GOING ON NOW...

Big response from St. Leonards house organization in reply to the last article. Seems they are interested in setting up some type of programme in relation to the long timers, so what we need now is a response from our readers inside and out, as to what is feasible and realistic. Any ideas you may have please forward to me or if you have the address send your ideas on to them. Now we can go with something else, like the new good time system what's it all about? Is it another way of keeping guys in longer or are we finally getting a break? Or we can ask what is going on in relation to the day parole or work programmes in here? Or what is happening to all the enthusiasm by the powers that be in relation to assigning some of the shops on a bonus pay, which some of them really deserve? Or what is going on with the new Barter exchange? We know we are going to ask population about it before the committee makes a stand. Seems everyone is agreeable to straightening out the mess from last year, and to be fair we should at least give a listen to what the new system is all about, at least Gord Conners the Exchange man is doing his best to see that everything is okay before we proceed so that we don't get burned again. Or we can question just what is going on with the financiers in Ottawa as the standard answer for repairs etc. is the lack of money, and seeing as how its the government that doesn't make sense, or else the country is in trouble, more than we think? Everyone is screaming for participation in here from the outside even the administration, yet there always seems to be new things in the way to prevent or discourage its happening. For instance our family days, for the first ten none of the nonsense we are encountering now, yet, nothing of any consequence is going wrong from our end, and we sure don't mind getting fanned, yet why embarrass our mothers, kids, wives etc. on these days when they could be fanning us as we have been through it and expect such treatment. There are still a lot of questions to ask but lets see if there is any response to these ones?????????

SPORTS

JOYCEVILLE BASEBALL LEAGUE: TOP TEN BATTERS

Minors

1. D.Dowell Hurricanes	.667
2. L.Meredith Raiders	.571
3. G.Sakai Hurricanes	.500
4. S.Boyer Animals	.500
5. Seabrooke Raiders	.455
6. S.Taillon Raiders	.450
7. T.Rilley Animals	.444
8. B.Teslic. Animals	.409
9. P.Pujol Hurricanes	.368
10 B.Angus Raiders	.333

Majors

1. P.Frank Blue Jays	.522
2. J.Lane Dodgers	.464
3. K.Frise Tigers	.458
4. G.Bell Dodgers	.400
5. P.Lambert Tigers	.375
6. G.Geary Dodgers	.364
7. L.Walters Blue Jays	.357
8. T.Desaulnier Tigers	.353
9. G.Prince Dodgers	.348
10 J.Sook Blue Jays	.324

-J.Hagan, Commissioner.

My World (Poetry) P:F:

Reaching Out

Reaching out ^{to} hold you, but your not there,
 Reaching out to touch you, but your just a dream,
 Feeling with my heart for you, but only an echo comes back,
 Searching with my eyes for you, but your not there,
 Wanting to hear your voice; but not even a whisper do i hear,
 God am i lonely for you, don't you miss me too?

I Wonder

I wonder if i'll ever meet my love,
 I wonder if i will ever be free to meet her,
 I wonder if my wondering is worth it,
 I wonder if anyone really cares about me,
 I wonder if i really care for anyone,
 I wonder if things are worth while,
 You know it has to be, but what is it we strive for,
 Is it happiness or love, or freedom, or nothing,
 Or is it me and my own search for identity,
 Or are we made to sit and wonder:::



"SO! THEY'RE CALLING
ME A LITTLE BUNDLE
FROM HEAVEN, EH?"

Eggbert
by LAF

MAKING IT ON THE STREET

by Dick DeShaw

Part One: The Organization of a Straight Society

Making it on the street is much like describing the kind of woman you want. When I was in my twenties, the Playboy centerfold, airbrush and all, was the ideal. Today for those in their twenties, the wide-open approach of Penthouse or Hustler, etc. has taken over.* However, now that I'm forty, I find myself settling for a Ruben's type of woman. If you don't know what a Ruben's type is, think of it this way: Take two Penthouse women, cut one of them in half and add a half to the whole woman and you have a Ruben's nude.

Anyway, just as what a guy expects a wants from women can change, so can what you want to get from the street. "Making it," can have different meanings, depending on your point of view. In this article, we will take a Ruben's approach to making it on the street. I'm not apologizing for taking this approach, as I have come to the same position as Philip Marlowe, in Raymond Chandler's Finger Man:

"Lou Hager jabbed the cigarette in his mouth."Yeah--Frank Dorr," he snarled. That fat, blood-suckin' sonofabitch!"

I didn't say anything. I was past the age when it's fun to swear at people you can't hurt." I (underlining mine)

Nietzsche put Philip Marlowe's observation in another way when he said the French Philosopher's preoccupation with complaining about the "betise bourgeoise" was boring him (loosely translated, middle-class stupidity) - and he wanted to get on with something a little more amusing.²

When a person gets older, he becomes less concerned with what "ought to be" (the idealist's question) and becomes more concerned with coping with what actually exists (the realist's question). Okay, so the straight world is screwed up. So what's new?

* "wide-open" df: indicated by a word that is also a name for an animal, an animal sometimes suggested as a symbol for Canadians. Since the general public seems to be getting screwed by government, this may be appropriate.

If you read any intelligent man's observations down through history, from Plato to Balzac to the present, you will find that their own peculiar brand of "straight" world, has always been a brand X.

A Ruben's approach to making it is: "past the age when it's fun to swear at people you can't hurt," and more concerned with coping. The question of coping is a question of social strategy. On the Inside, the question of coping on the street, or social strategy, has two parts: (1) What is the outside world like? (2) How can I handle it?

The answer to the first part of this question has a ready answer on the Inside: "The Outside world is straight." The second part of this question is harder to answer as the word "recidivist" indicates. The Penthouse model of making it, all too often, is a round trip ticket to the Outside and back again to the Inside. This form of "Making it," is much like a whorehouse. It's fun while you're in there, but it doesn't last, and it costs too much.

Although the answer to what the Outside world is like, is readily at hand as "straight," I believe there is quite a bit of confusion on what

"straight" actually is. Some may describe "straight" as Eastons, the Toronto-Dominion and Rosedale(an affluent suburb in Toronto for those who are from elsewhere).

"Straight" can also mean easy for a "con"-naive. "Straight" can also be described as the "line them all up against the wall and shoot them," mentality, echoed by the:"Why don't they get a job and get off welfare?" chorus. In the "straight" world, they talk about "clients" and "inmates," working with people for the client's good and "reform" etc. "Straights are always ready to preach morality to non-straight and forget, as Bertholt Brecht's prostitutes sing, in Three Penny Opera: "First feed the face, and then talk right and wrong. For even saintly folk will act like sinners, unless they've had their customary dinners!"³

"Straight" is all this and more and sometimes less. It is this "more" and "sometimes less," that is often forgotten when the Inside calls the Outside world, "straight." Consequently, before we talk about coping with the straight world, we need to understand better what being "straight" is, and how the straight world is organized.

Sociologists have spent a lot of time describing the Outside straight world. They have also spent some time describing the Inside world too, but too often they describe it through the eyes of straights and the sum of their descriptions merely adds up to bullshit! However, let's forget the sociologist's deficiencies, when they describe the Inside. Since they are usually straight, their descriptions of the straight world had often been right on.

Let me give you a sociological description of the straight world, since I have dabbled a bit in sociology and I am also admittedly a straight in some senses. I say in some senses, as I am also a philosopher and the practice of philosophy has a tendency to bring the philosopher closer to the thieves' critical view of society, rather than the straights' view.

Down through history, society has had a tendency to crucify both thief and philosopher side by side. No. Most philosophers don't have Messianic Complexes. But they have, like thieves, tasted the hemlock of adverse societal condemnation(from Thales to Bertrand Russell).

Here is, anyway, a sociological definition of straight:

"As a man thinks, so it he."(Bible) What is straight thinking? Thinking that takes for granted social forms.Taking for granted, means without reflection or questioning.⁴

What are social forms? Emile Durkheim, one of the founders of sociology, stated that social forms grow out of the collective gatherings of people and take on a phenomena of authority that has more persuasive weight than the individual's thoughts.

Social forms, according to Durkheim are(1) Real,i.e.exist and (2)Coercive ,i.e.assert control by power.⁴ Now whole academic libraries could be filled with the controversy over whether Durkheim was right in stating that social forms are real.⁵

Following the philosopher Whitehead, we could say that the kind of issues that resulted in this debate labor under the Fallacy of Misplaced Concreteness, which is a refined way of saying:"Nitpicking, Academic Bullshit!" Social forms are real. No one knows this better than guys who are in prison.

Let us define social forms as:

"The rules of thinking and behavior(normative rules) that the controlling powers in a society define as right."⁶

The controlling powers in a society may be an elite group or a none-too-silent majority. If the social philosopher, Roberto Michels, is right, and I

think he is, all organizations (governments included) produce an assertive elite who define the rules of that society, and an assenting majority who confirm or acquiesce to these rules. Michels, among other philosophers and sociologists, has pointed out that the rules of an organization are defined to protect that organization's existence.

Consequently, if we want to understand the sense behind the rules of an organization's practice, we must not look to the formal definition of why that organization exists: ("for democracy, or for equality or for freedom or for the client's welfare, etc.") Instead, we must look to the actual power interests protected by these rules. Remember this, the next time you try to make sense of the parole process.

Deviants or minority groups within an organization are those members who either fail to acquiesce to the rules or are not protected by them. To be a straight, means to conform to and be protected by the rules that define a society.

And now a very important point: The inside world gives too much rational credit to the outside world! Often the straight world is like the immense fat man in Dashiell Hammett's The Thin Man:

"An immensely fat blond man--so blond he was nearly albino--he had been sitting at Miriam's table, came over and said to me in a thin, tremulous effeminate voice: "So you're the party who put it to little Art Nuhei.." Morelli hit the fat man in his fat belly, as hard as he could without getting up. Studsy, suddenly on his feet, leaned over Morelli and smashed a big fist into the fat man's face. I noticed, foolishly, that he still led with his right. Hunchbacked Pete came up behind the fat man and banged his empty tray down with full force on the fat man's head. The fat man fell back, upsetting three people and a table. Both bar-tenders were with us by then. One of them hit the fat man with a blackjack as he tried to get up, knocking him forward on hands and knees. The other man put a hand down inside the fat man's collar to choke him. With Morelli's help, they got the fat man to his feet and hustled him out.

Pete looked after them and sucked a tooth. "That god-damned Sparrow," he explained to me, "You can't take no chances on him when he's drinking."

Studsy was at the next table, the one that had been upset, helping people pick up themselves and their possessions. "That's bad," he was saying, "Bad for business, but where you going to draw the line? I ain't running a dive, but I ain't trying to run a young ladies' seminary neither."

Dorothy was pale, frightened; Nora wide-eyed and amazed. "It's a madhouse," she said. "What'd they do that for?"

"You know as much about it as I do," I told her.

Morelli and the bar-tenders came in again, looking pretty pleased with themselves. Morelli and Studsy returned to their seats at our table. "You boys are impulsive," I said.

Studsy repeated, "Impulsive," and laughed, "Ha-ha-ha."

Morelli was serious. "Any time that guy starts anything, you got to start it first. It's too late when he gets going. We see him like that before, ain't we Studsy?"

"Like what?" I asked. "He hadn't done anything?"

"He hadn't all right," Morelli said slowly, "But it's a kind of feeling you get about him sometimes. Ain't that right, Studsy?"

"Studsy said, "Uh-huh, he's hysterical."

The straight world's protective reactions are more hysterical than rational.

The straight world can act like an offended drag queen and you have to treat her social advances cautiously. The straight world, in almost all cases I am sure, does not intend to stigmatize, coerce and beat down minorities and deviants. But- step on its rules and- watch out! On the Inside, guys tend to treat the straight world as though it is a sadistic school master who irrationally beats on them with the rod of disapproval. However, contrary to opinion, there ain't too many villains in this world. Only fat men, who are dangerous when they are drunk with power.

And in this case, you can't beat the fat man to the punch and hussle him out of the joint. He owns the joint.

Theories of radical revolution want to kick the fat men of society out of the joint but as Nietzsche once said(and I loosely paraphrase- very loosely)- these revolutionaries take over the joint and become fat cats themselves. Russia is a good example.

Straights own the Outside joint. (And the Inside joint as well). The rules which they set up to run the joint are framed in good intentions. As Max Weber, the social philosopher noted, the "ideal types of organizations" are rational.⁸ The theories of straights are well meant. It is the actual practice of these theories that screw up-not the intentions behind them. That is why straights get so upset when you point out the discrepancies between what they say they are doing and what they are actually doing. Today, more than anything else, straights don't want to be villains.

When guys get out of prison, they are often ashamed to admit they have been Inside. But if you really want to make it on the Outside, all you have to do is draw on the collective guilt of straights and give them a chance to prove to you that they weren't villains after all.

However, with this last statement, we are getting ahead of ourselves. We'll come back to this last bit later.

Straights don't make a conscious choice to be straights. They just grow up naturally within the rules of the straight world, just like we all grow up into adults. For the straight, social forms are grasped as "taken-for granted," "what everybody does and knows." They don't need to reflect on the matter. Straights even get rather upset when someone tries to make them think about and question the things they take for granted. In many respects, this is why you are in prison.

Either you didn't grow up in the "taken for granted world" or you chose to disregard their rules. Just as you ascribe too much rationality to straights, so do they to you. They tend to describe criminal actions as intentional violations of what "everyone knows," rather than what they often are- the desire to share the good things of the straight world without either the means or the ability to do so. The only way someone from Cabbagetown is going to own a 4000 stereo is to steal it.

Making it on the street in the Ruben's sense, means that rules of "taken for granted, what everyone knows," have to become a matter for reflection. In the second part of this paper, we will get into how to pass for a straight or how to produce a mock-up of the "taken-for granted," "what everyone knows," in the straight world. Once you've been in prison, you can never again be a straight and live in the "taken-for-granted," without reflection.

All prisons should have a course in the schoolhouse on "making it on the street," and the best instructors for these courses would be good "con men." Of course, it's hard to find good con men. Most of them are still running organizations on the street. A good con man is a student of the "taken for granted," "what everyone knows." He reflects successfully on these rules and uses

them for his own advantage. Management theory and the behavioral approach to organizational theory is nothing more than a lot of good common sense about "what everyone knows," organized in such a way that the people who run organizations can control those who work for them.

One of the reasons that "Behavioral theory" fails in prisons, is that it is organized around "what everyone knows on the Outside, rather than on the Inside.

Anyway, anyone who has ever been in prison can never take for granted, "what everyone knows," rules again. Peter Berger has described the main focus of sociological inquiry as "debunking" social forms.⁹ Straights go to University and spend thousands of dollars to learn in Sociology how to debunk social forms. In prison, you get this education for free. In many ways, your ability to be critical about our society is better than an M.A. in Sociology. You know as practical what so many academics only know as theory. However, this knowledge won't help you much, just as it really doesn't help most academics unless you can go beyond the critical to the coping.

Criticism is a Penthouse stance towards life. It turns one on, but it really has little to do with actual living. The tits and butts are seldom so pointed and firm on the Outside. Still, you can find satisfaction, if you have learned to look beyond the purely critical and superficial to what satisfactions actually are available on the Outside. Your education in jailhouse sociology can enable you to get it off on the Outside better than many straights who are making it only because their "taken for granted" has not been disturbed. But to do so, you must pass beyond criticism to coping and learn how to use "what everyone knows," in a Ruben's sense.

Coping does not mean you become a joint man, or a fink, or, as socialologists call this person on the Outside, an organization man. To cope means to learn that it is no use to swear against what you can't hurt. But it doesn't mean, either, that you have to become a patsy for the Outside. Thinkers ever since Socrates have pointed out that the rules which grow out of social forms through "might makes right" are not the true essence of right.¹⁰

As Kant stated, we have an "idea of humanity," which we carry in our historical souls which is more than social forms.¹¹ What passes for right, in any age and society, may often be in conflict with our "ideas of humanity ." The legal isn't always just!

Non-straight thinking, whether it be that of the thief or the philosopher, challenges the rights of social forms. Non-straight thinking and behavior is anarchistic towards social forms, or "what is taken for granted." Anarchism, in its pure sense, (i.e. not the naive kind which some radicals brandish) displays the limits of the regulative rules of any form of thinking and action. In this respect, the philosopher Kant was one of the great anarchists of all times, as he attempted to display the limits of all of mankind's ability to think.

Non-straight thinking points out the deficiencies in the rules of "what everyone takes for granted," and issue's a call for critical reflection. When the "taken for granted" is challenged, the straight gets upset and reacts with anger. The motive of revenge in the Outside world can, in some senses, be explained by this phenomena. Crime in a society is a constant reminder that "something is rotten in the state of Denmark," (and in every other state as well). Deviancy in an organization points out the failure of that organization to live up to its ideal reasons for existing.

Thinking is uncomfortable. It breaks up the easy habits by which we have made our portion of the world simple enough to handle. The straight

has to squash the deviancy that challenges the rules of his organization or the unity of his organization may be destroyed. It is possible to understand the straight's motivation. We all need the forms of social unity. Crime, like critical philosophy, is a destructive act. Anyone who resides in negation, not only destroys that which he criticizes or negates, but in the same process, also destroys himself.

This is why Kant put truth in ethical practice, rather than critical reflection. We won't discuss the limitations of Kant's ethics. They were certainly limited in a practical sense. But nevertheless, Kant caught the spirit of the idea of social unity when he stated that every individual act of men should be regarded as if they were a universal truth for every man.¹²

If I steal, then I am saying that it is all right for every man to steal. Therefore, I shouldn't get mad when I get ripped off. But I do. Here you might say to me: "Isn't that idealistic?" I answer, "Yeah, but it's also realistic. Men can't live together unless they have some ideals which make social unity possible."

Which brings us to another important point. The "cons" society Inside a prison is also straight. Any organization, to exist, has to produce social forms. The members of that society, who operate by the rules which come out of those forms, can be considered straight within that society. If anything, the rules which govern behavior within a prison are straighter than those on the Outside. Because of the close proximity of the living space, there is little leeway for deviance in a prison society. Relationships in prisons are more direct than on the Outside. Violators are either segregated or taken care of.

One of the greatest shocks that face guys when they get on the streets is the realization of how more crooked the Outside is, than the Inside. Surprisingly, guys on the Inside build up a myth of the "straight john" and are quite surprised when they get on the Outside and get taken by the individuals in it.

Frankly, on the Inside, you tend to get rather moralistic towards straights on the Outside. You condemn them for segregating you in prisons and stereotyping you. Then you turn right around and create your own straight society which also segregates and stereotypes. P.C.'s are the prisoners of the prisoners.

Sure, the diddler upsets you. You don't want anyone fooling around with your young son or daughter. Neither do I. Frankly, I am glad diddlers and rape hounds are isolated from society, but, as Hegel said in an essay: Who Thinks Abstractly (to think abstractly is a synonym for straight):

"This is abstract thinking: to see nothing in the murderer except the abstract fact that he is a murderer, and to annul all other human essence in him with this simple quality."¹³

Anyone who treats a PC as less than a human being, shouldn't complain when the Outside society also treats him as less than a human being. Straight members of our society, (and here I am talking about the Inside as well as the Outside) are straight when they treat any individual abstractly under a universal category of definition such as "criminal," "murderer," "client," or "diddler" and forget that this individual is a human being like themselves. Just because a person enters through the gates of a prison doesn't mean he stops being a human being. Straights on the Outside would like to think this is so and they would like to make the person on the Inside completely other than themselves.

They don't want to face the fact that there is a very narrow line between the Inside and Outside, which is very easy to cross over, if the circumstances are right. They want to say: "Thank God, I am not like that sinner," and avoid the penetrating look of a Christ who says they are.

This brings us to our last point about the straight world. Raymond Chandler accurately pinpoints the focus of what I want to talk about when he said: "The streets are mean."¹⁴ On the Inside, you know this is true. I don't need to tell you that. But the straight wants to ignore this fact. He lives in the suburbs and commutes to his job in a hermeneutically sealed off, air-conditioned car, parks in underground parking and goes to a job that he possesses, not because he has more ability than other people, but because he grew up in the right family, went to the right school, etc. and has been isolated from mean streets all of his life.

Mean streets and the people who live in them are an abstract other to him. He lives in a ranch bungalow in the suburbs with green lawn around it. He doesn't know how it feels to rent a slum apartment where the landlord holds a tyrannical control over your very right to have shelter. He has always had enough money to dress in the latest fads, to eat the proper diet, to have the luxuries of our society and doesn't have any idea how degrading it is to have to put on the "con" for one of his counterparts, simply in order to have food and shelter in a meagre existence or worse still, to work in a job that pays less than welfare and doesn't give any of the benefits of welfare, like hospitalization, etc.

In the straight's suburbs, cops stop, as suspicious, anyone who has to walk through them. Straights don't have hustlers and pimps and pill-poppers on the corner or winos to step over on the way to the grocery store. He drives to a supermarket in a mall. In his schools, all of his aggression was put into getting good grades or playing the game in sports, not using it in order to survive on the "playgrounds" of the inner-city school.

Now I know that this is a stereotype of straights as they come in all kinds of degrees of affluence and isolation from mean streets, just as "cons" come from different degrees of affluence and mean streets themselves. Some middle-class cons never experienced the reality of mean streets until they came to prison, but they soon found out how mean they can be.

The fact is, however, most straights, have, to one degree or another, been isolated from the actual meanness of our streets. The Outside world has satisfied, at least partially, their needs. Oh, they may want more, and to many straights, getting this "more" is what life is all about. But they know how to go about getting this "more" in ways that are at least legal, even though they may not always be ethical.

In spite of this broad generalization about straights which obviously misses all of the differences among the individuals who actually make up their population, there are many straights to whom meanness is just an abstraction and a vicarious titillation. They enjoy watching cops manhandle crooks on T.V. because they have never had a cop treat them in any other way than with a respectful "Sir!"

Hobbes states that Mankind joined itself in social unity to avoid the reality of mean streets. For these commuters from the suburbs, the unity has worked to their advantage. Mean streets are not a reality to them. Others may live on mean streets, but for the commuter, there is no point of identification. Nothing is real for any of us until it becomes part of our self-identity. There is another response to mean streets which is equally one-

sided as the commuter point of view, even though at first glance, it doesn't seem so...

This is the negative point of view that says: "The streets are mean and so are we." In our critical age, this would seem to be the very essence of reality. This is the point of view that is so caught up in the reality of mean streets that it fails to see that human beings also reside on these streets. We might call this point of view, "street-wise." Prison has a tendency to make you "street-wise." There also are straights who are street-wise in this respect, for instance some cops and guards. It is this street-wise view which Karl Marx caught which made him an excellent sociologist and a lousy philosopher.

I could spend some pages discussing both the merits and the deficiencies of the street-wise point of view. However, this discussion can be summed up by stating that the street-wise view treats individuals as abstractions and loses the "idea of humanity" that would keep the individual from becoming mean. In our age theorists are pandering to excuses for man's actions and we seem to have again accepted the Ancient Greek notion of destiny as a fate where the furies of circumstances are more important than the will of individuals.

The street-wise view which at least acknowledges the meanness of the streets, seems more viable than the commuter point of view. To be a straight, is to ignore reality as it is.

Raymond Chandler, however, did not believe his "detective of the real," had to end in meanness. As Chandler stated: "Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean."¹⁵ If we want to make it on the street, we have to learn how to cope with the straight's illusions and the actuality of mean streets without letting either viewpoint distort our actual viewpoint of humanity. In his perceptive book, Social Theory and Social Policy, Robert Pinker points out that the main form of violence which the middle-class uses in our age is stigmatization.¹⁶ In other words, to be straight, is to use the violence of social forms on others. In prison you know what the violence of mean streets are like!

In part two, we will discuss how to pass for a straight, but we will not suggest that you have to become a straight. Our discussion will try to show how a determinate individual can walk in a world that contains both the violence of straights and the violence of mean streets, without getting caught in either form of meanness. In other words, to cope means to be a man "who is not himself mean."

Next Issue; how to pass for a straight.

FOOTNOTES

- 1.Raymond Chandler,The Simple Art of Murder(W.W.NortonCo:New York,1950,p.6)
- 2.Friedrich Nietzsche,Twilight of the Idols and The Anti-Christ,trans R.J. Hollingdale.(Harmondsworth:Penguin Books,1968)p146,147&also p47 for other info)
- 3.Bertold Brecht,The Three Penny Opera (from the recording)
- 4.Emile Durkheim,The Rules of Sociological Method trans Sarah A. Solovay and John H. Mueller,ed. by George E.G.Catlin(Free Press:New York,1966)
- 5.This is the Methodological Individualism vs Holism debate.
- 6.Robert Michels,Political Parties trans Eden and C.Paul(Free Press,N.Y.1962)
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BASEBALL LEAGUE STANDINGS, June 15, 1978. J.Hagan, Baseball Commissioner

<u>Major Teams</u>	<u>Games Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>Tied</u>	<u>Points</u>
BLUE JAYS	8	7	1	0	14
DODGERS	8	4	3	1	9
TIGERS	8	0	7	1	1

Minor Teams

RAIDERS	6	4	2	0	8
ANIMALS	6	3	3	0	6
HURRICANES	6	2	4	0	4

ANIMALS

Name	GP	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	2B	3B	HR	SB	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI	Bat Av	Field Av
M.Daisley	6	24	18	14	24	1	1	2	1	0	10	0	2	4	4	15	.583	.962
S. Boyer	4	8	4	4	2	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	.500	.857
T. Rilley	6	23	14	10	11	10	2	1	1	1	4	0	2	5	2	10	.435	.913
R.Babister	5	9	6	4	6	0	1	1	0	0	3	0	0	4	1	3	.444	.857
B.Teslic	6	22	13	9	6	4	3	2	0	0	4	0	1	8	3	6	.409	.769
B.Walker	4	18	7	6	7	1	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	1	11	.333	.889
D.Robertson	3	15	3	5	3	4	2	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	3	9	.333	.778
C.Ramsay	5	14	16	4	6	2	1	0	0	0	6	0	0	12	4	8	.286	.889
A.Corbey	6	15	12	4	4	4	2	0	0	0	6	0	0	13	4	4	.267	.800
T.Trapani	5	15	9	4	2	7	2	0	0	0	4	0	1	8	1	4	.267	.818
Hughes	6	25	11	5	10	0	2	0	0	2	0	1	3	3	6	.200	.833	

SPORTS STATS

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HURRICANES

Name	GP	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	2B	3B	HR	SB	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI	Bat Av.	Field Av.
A. Legaire	3	8	7	6	3	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	3	.750	.750
D. Dowell	6	21	13	14	5	2	1	3	1	0	9	0	0	3	2	11	.667	.875
G. Lockhead	3	7	6	4	1	3	1	1	1	0	2	0	0	4	1	4	.571	.800
G. Sakai	5	14	10	7	3	2	4	3	1	0	0	2	0	3	1	8	.500	.556
J. Bell	5	13	7	6	1	3	3	2	0	1	2	0	0	3	0	5	.462	.571
T. Jackson	4	16	6	6	4	0	2	1	1	0	5	0	0	1	3	6	.375	.667
P. Pujol	6	19	10	7	7	3	13	1	1	0	4	0	0	9	1	4	.386	.435
R. Marcotte	3	13	6	4	12	4	6	0	0	3	1	0	0	1	0	7	.308	.727
Gardner	3	7	4	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	0	.286	.600
M. Blank	5	14	5	3	4	1	3	1	0	0	1	1	0	6	4	7	.214	.625
Burk	3	5	5	1	3	1	5	0	0	0	4	0	0	4	1	1	.200	.444
V. Caverly	3	7	2	0	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	1	5	.000	.750

RAIDERS

Name	GP	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	2B	3B	HR	SB	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI	Bat Av.	Field Av.
L. Meredith	6	21	13	12	2	7	4	0	4	2	3	0	1	4	2	16	.571	.692
R. Stubbert	4	7	7	4	1	0	1	2	0	0	2	0	1	6	2	4	.571	.500
R. Bone	3	13	11	6	3	0	4	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	1	7	.462	.429
Seabrooke	5	22	11	10	5	11	1	1	2	0	1	0	0	4	2	12	.455	.941
S. Taillon	6	20	10	9	5	9	3	2	3	0	3	0	0	2	0	10	.450	.824
B. Angus	6	21	14	7	2	9	0	1	1	2	0	4	0	2	7	2	.333	.967
Killeen	3	5	5	1	2	1	1	1	0	0	3	1	0	5	3	2	.200	.750
Eellemaire	4	7	5	1	6	2	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	4	1	0	.43	.00
G. Genttner	4	14	6	1	5	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	3	2	3	.071	.857

SPORTS STATS 14

DODGERS

Name	GP	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	2B	3B	HR	SB	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI	Bat Av.	Field Av.	
J. Lane	8	28	10	13	6	14	55	1	1	50	1	3	4	12	.464	.800			
G. Bell	6	25	9	10	12	0	22	2	1	1	0	0	3	6	9	.400	.857		
G. Geary	7	22	8	8	8	14	63	0	1	2	0	0	3	6	4	.364	.786		
G. Prince	7	23	4	8	12	9	11	1	0	1	1	0	1	3	3	.348	.955		
A. Sweeney	8	27	6	8	11	4	32	0	1	5	1	0	4	8	9	.296	.833		
L. Burbank	6	20	5	5	45	1	41	1	0	0	1	0	4	9	5	.286	.920		
J. Martin	5	17	8	4	4	9	62	0	0	5	0	0	3	4	3	.235	.684		
D. Cooper	3	9	4	2	2	4	50	0	0	3	0	0	3	2	4	.222	.545		
J. St. Croix	3	9	3	2	2	2	00	1	0	1	0	0	3	0	2	.222	1.000		
J. Maurage	8	23	9	5	5	6	41	1	0	1	0	0	9	7	3	.217	.733		
H. Bastien	4	11	1	2	11	1	10	0	0	2	0	0	2	5	0	.182	.923		
B. Stewart	7	17	7	2	7	0	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	6	12	1	.118	.778	

TIGERS

Name	GP	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	2B	3B	HR	SB	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI	Bat Field Av.	Av.	
K. Frise	8	24	8	11	7	24	1	0	2	4	0	1	2	4	6	.458	.692		
B. MacDonald	4	12	3	5	24	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	5	1	.417	1.000		
E. Ferrill	7	17	7	6	4	44	0	1	0	7	0	0	2	5	4	.353	.667		
T. Desaulniers	3	8	2	3	5	7	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	.375	1.000		
E. Sullivan	7	22	9	6	14	11	3	0	0	5	0	0	5	6	4	.273	.893		
E. Bissonett	6	15	4	4	3	9	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	5	2	.267	.723	
L. Armes	8	29	2	7	7	11	7	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	5	6	.241	.720	
S. McCartney	2	7	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	.143	1.000	
E. Furdal	6	19	3	2	5	2	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	6	3	.105	.700	
T. Charlton	4	11	3	1	2	3	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	4	1	.090	.833	
D. Jones	7	15	0	0	14	3	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	7	1	.000	.810	
M. McKenna	5	10	0	7	8	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	1	.000	.833		

SPORTS STATS

15

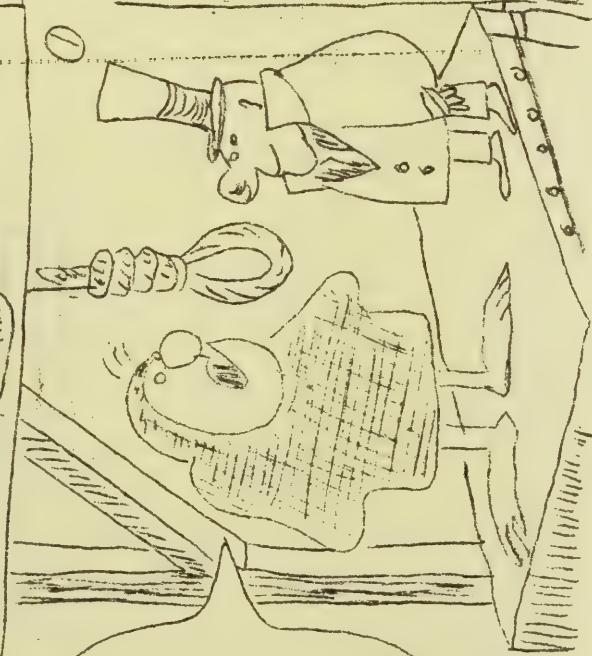
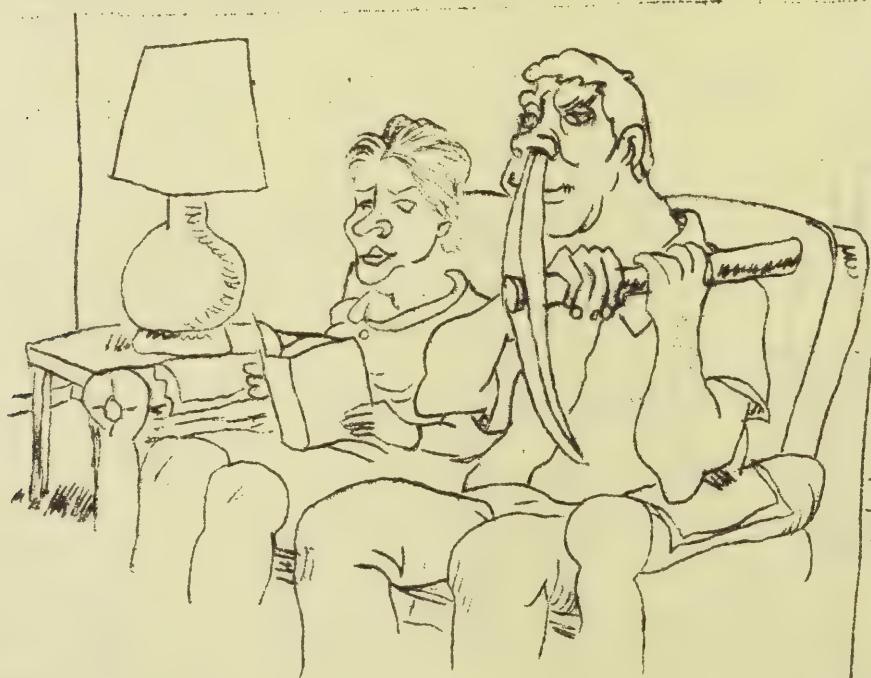
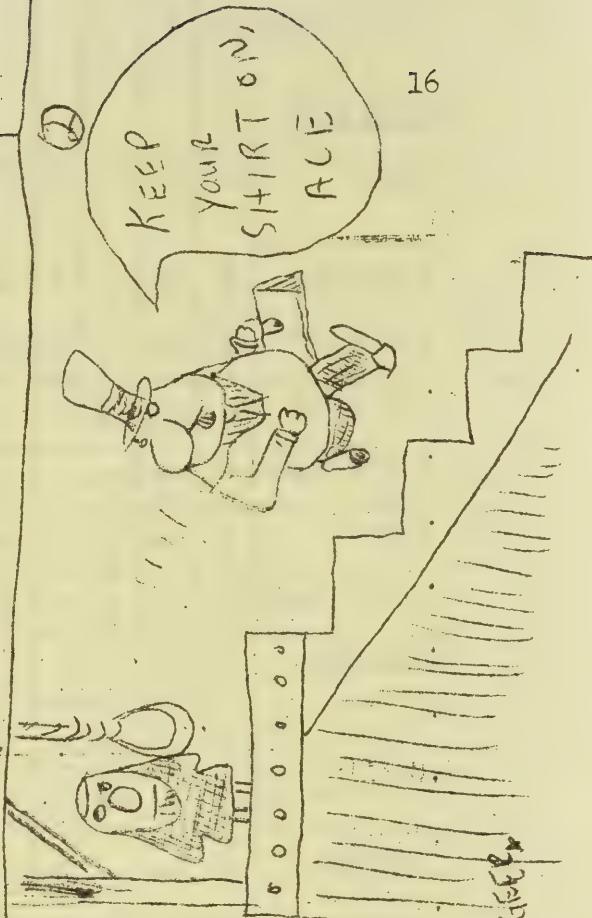
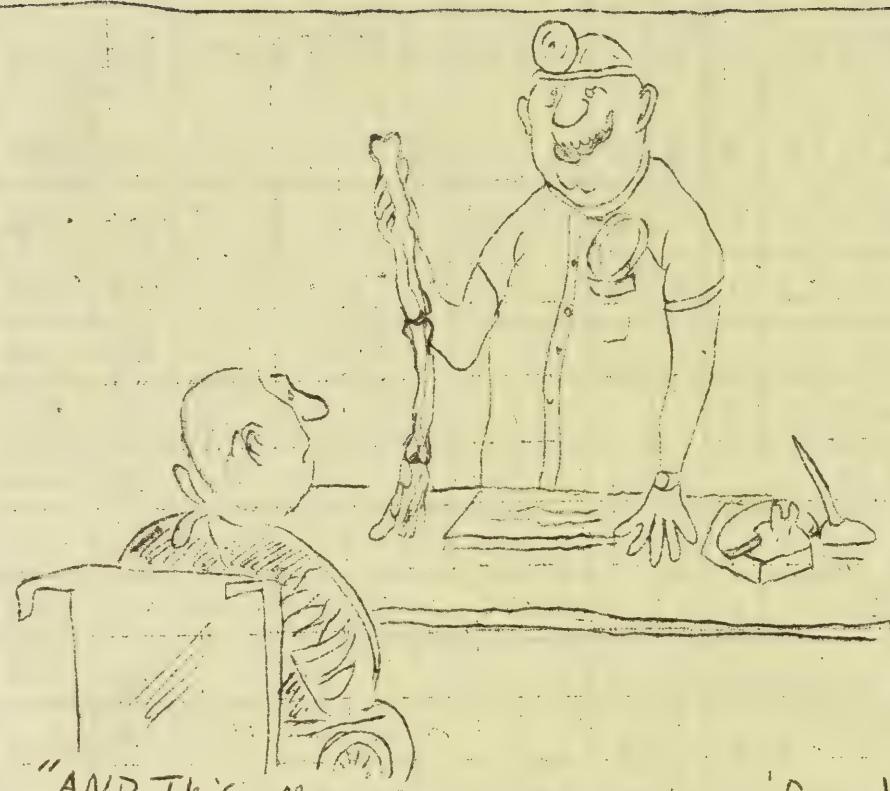
BLUE JAYS

Name	GP	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	2B	3B	HR	SB	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI	Bat Av.	Field Av.
P.Frank	8	23	7	12	12	1	3	3	1	0	1	3	2	4	1	5	.522	.813
P.Lambert	8	24	9	9	2	4	2	1	2	0	1	0	1	7	1	5	.375	.750
L.Walters	7	28	13	10	29	7	5	0	1	1	7	0	1	3	0	7	.357	.878
R.Van Bree	2	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	.333	.000
J.Cook	8	34	8	11	4	6	2	3	1	2	0	1	0	1	0	16	.324	.833
C.Tattersol	6	22	6	7	3	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	0	4	.318	1.000	
J.Conlin	8	29	8	9	2	10	2	3	1	0	2	0	0	7	4	10	.310	.857
I.Currie	8	16	8	4	5	0	2	0	1	0	18	3	0	6	8	4	.250	.714
T.Melanson	7	12	9	3	1	4	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	7	0	3	.250	1.000
R.Keays	8	24	11	3	5	5	2	0	0	0	10	0	1	11	2	5	.125	.833

(Signed) J.Hagan,
Baseball Commissioner.



"I prefer this to those prisons without bars!"



LETTERS

17

A Response to the Chairman's Editorial
of last month's issue:

St. Leonard's Society of Canada
June 9, 1978.

Mr. Paul Franks,
Joyceville Institution,
P.O.Box 880,
Kingston, Ontario K7L 4X9

Dear Paul: Re:Penitentiary Programmes
for Long-Termers

I want to thank you and the Joyceville
Advance for re-instigating the concern
of the St. Leonard's Society and its
Member Houses for special programmes
for long-termers.

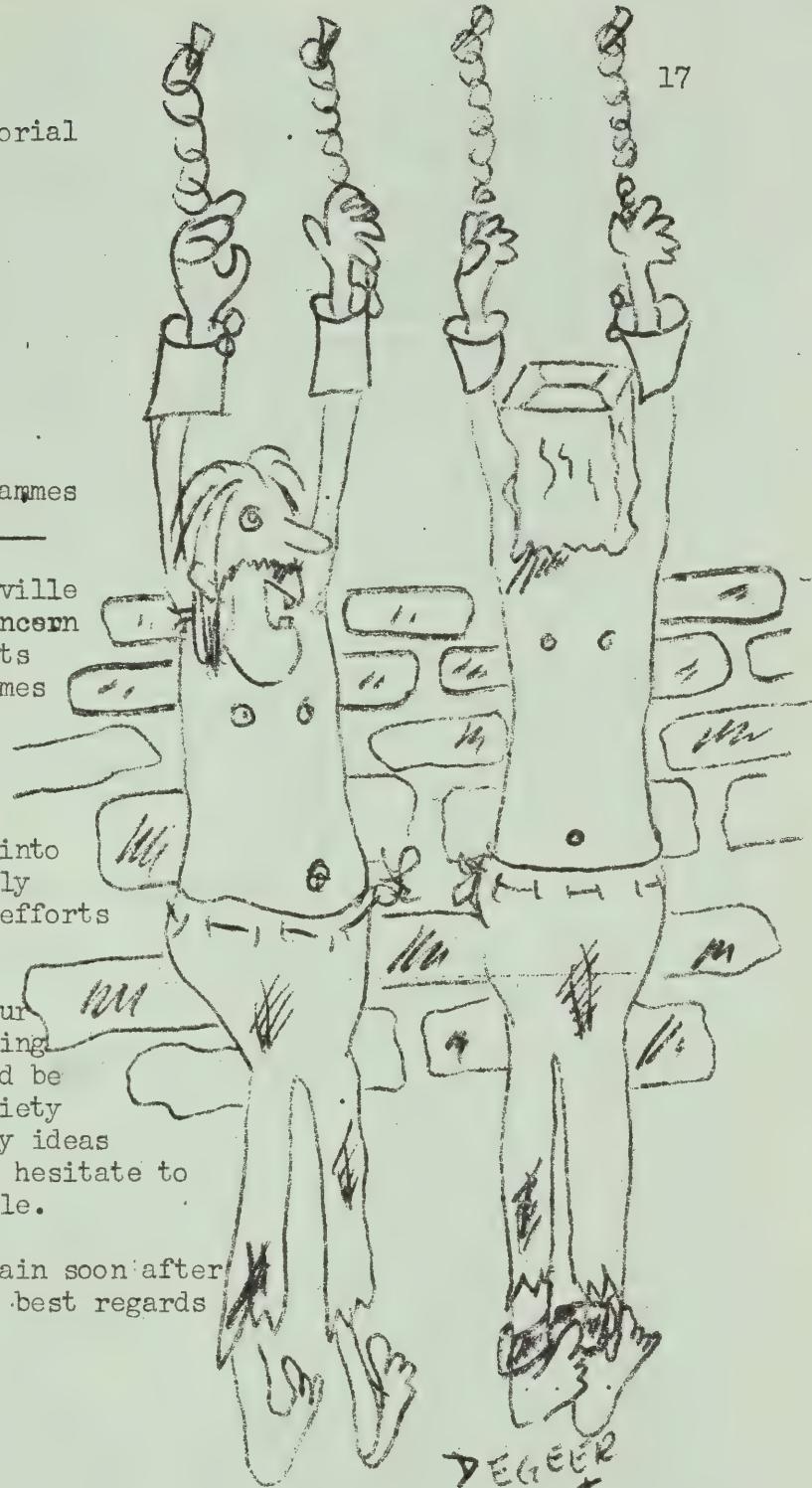
Some time ago, a sub-committee of
our Ontario organization did some
ground work and shot a few ideas into
the system but, as you very adeptly
testify, nothing has come of any efforts
from anybody.

So, at the end of the month, at our
regular Executive Directors' meeting
we are going to discuss what could be
the role of the St. Leonard's Society
and Member Houses. If you have any ideas
at all before then, please do not hesitate to
pass them along as soon as possible.

I hope to be in touch with you again soon after
that meeting. In the meantime, my best regards
to you under the circumstances.

Yours sincerely,

Lou A.Drouillard,
Executive Director
St. Leonard's Society of Canada,
1787 Walker Road,
Windsor, Ontario. N8W 3P2
Telephones 519-254-9430
519-254-5441



"SO, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT ANYWAY?"

NEWSPAPER STORIES
OTTAWA CITIZEN June 7, 1978

18

PRISON ESCAPE PLOTS DIP

Napanee, Ont (CP)--The director of Millhaven Penitentiary says fewer escape plots have been discovered by prison officials since a convict was shot while attempting escape last Oct. 27.

Henry Neufeld said that because of the shooting of prisoner Glen Landers, convicts and the public realize that prison guards will do their job to the fullest if necessary.

Landers was shot by a guard while attempting to escape over a fence at the penitentiary. Three other convicts were injured in the incident.

Neufeld, appointed director in January, said all maximum-security prisoners are considered potential escapers who represent a danger to society.

"The recent case of Landers proves the officers do their job in a very responsible manner," he said at a service club meeting in this community about 30 kilometres west of Kingston.

He said federal prisons are not in the business of rehabilitating convicts. The first duty of the correctional service is to carry out the sentence of the court and remove convicts from society for the duration of their prison term, he said.

OTTAWA CITIZEN May 17, 1978 by Gerard McNeil, CP Staff Writer
Experts to Probe Prisoner Education

Nine specialists in everything from trades training to moral education have been hired to look into the federal prison system's prisoner education programs.

Corrections Commissioner Donald Yeomans announced Tuesday that the group is expected to make recommendations by next February.

It is led by Dr. Alan Thomas, a specialist in adult education at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education (OISE), a Toronto graduate school which specializes in educational research.

Thomas, already boning up on the system, said in an interview one of his first surprises was the youth of the prisoners. Most are in their 20s.

Dr. D.K. Griffin, a prison system adviser to the group, said 75 per cent of the 9,000 men now in prison report a Grade 8 education.

"These are claimed levels and what we find is that claimed levels are not functional levels."

About one-third are taking trades training in prison, or academic classes from the elementary to the university level. Several prisoners in British Columbia won their arts degrees this year.

These successes are exceptional.

"You are lucky if you have inmates in the maximum-security prisons for five hours a day," he said. "Everything else takes precedence." Prisoners reported that the federal tickets they received on completing some trades training courses were worthless in getting jobs. Employers demand provincial tickets.

The subcommittee said academic education and trades training "must be

provided" to prisoners.

The study group will add a third dimension—"education directed against criminality." Two members are specialists in moral education. Dr. Clive Beck of Toronto has been chairman of the moral education program for the Ontario school system. Dr. Lucien Morin of Quebec City has produced a report on values and moral education in the Quebec system. A consultant to the group will be Stanton Samenow, a psychologist who runs the Centre for Responsible Living in Washington, D.C. Griffin said Samenow has developed "a new approach to criminality" that involves education rather than therapy.



A DAY IN THE WOODS by Garry's daughter Tina, age 10, Kingston, Ontario.

There were two kids who took a walk
 To be alone, just to talk.
 About the world, about the war,
 About the rich, about the poor.

Through the woods they did go,
 Not too fast and not too slow,
 Just taking their own sweet time
 Kicking the leaves and branches,
 All covered with slime.

So, as this day slowly turns to
 Night, they never forget the woods!!
 Such a sight!

For all time, they may spend,
 Their friendship will be and
 Never end.

CON'S LAMENT by Paul Gravelle

Musicless
 She feels useless
 In the pouring rain
 Car's not working
 She's so down
 What a shame
 I want her here
 I want her near
 I understand
 But she's far away
 So for today
 I'll cry again

SHARING

Of giving and sharing
 We learn as we live
 When we give of ourselves
 We truly give.
 We cannot change yesterday
 That is quite clear
 Nor begin on tomorrow
 Until it is here.
 So all that is left
 For you and me
 Is to make today
 As sweet as can be.

JOAN & PAUL by Paul Gravelle

Did you ever have a love
 So long and lost
 That you never really knew
 Quite what it would cost?

A love that left
 But never did
 A time a place
 As you remember it

A year four seasons
 A time to be
 But never the answers
 To the reasons.

Why you are Jean
 And I am Paul.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NUTRITION?

by: Dennis Bally

Recreation Department

In the next few issues of "ADVANCE," the Recreation Staff will produce a series on several aspects of nutrition which will hopefully be beneficial and informative to the athlete as well as the average person.

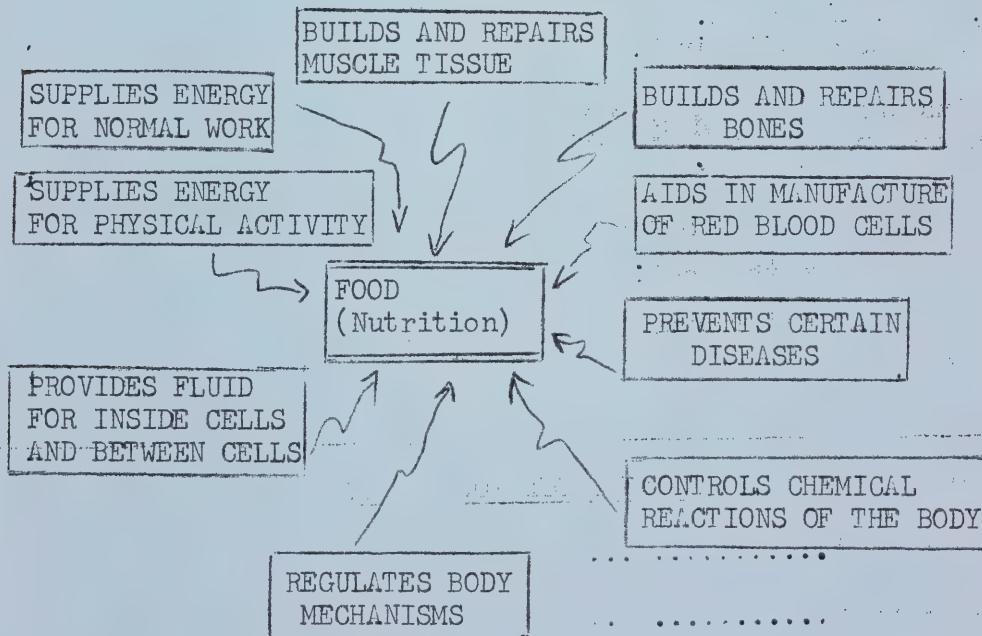
We shall attempt to dispell some of the old "myths" surrounding nutrition and give you the facts. The facts have been gathered from several reliable scientific sources(i.e. medical journals, nutrition research papers, etc.) and represent the most up-to-date information available to this department.

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY NUTRITION ?????

The dictionary defines nutrition as " a series of processes by which an organism takes in and uses food for promotion of growth and repairing tissues."

WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF FOOD ???

Food, in its variety of forms, performs an astonishing number of functions. The following diagram shows a few of the major functions of food:



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NUTRITION?WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NUTRITION QUESTIONNAIRE:

Circle the letter that you think correctly answers the question. Answers and explanations are on page 55.

- | | <u>TRUE</u> | <u>FALSE</u> |
|--|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Food is comprised of protein, carbohydrates and fats only. | T | F |
| 2. Protein is the primary source of food used for energy | T | F |
| 3. A good source of carbohydrates is bread, cereals, potatoes, and corn. | T | F |
| 4. Approximately 40-50% of your daily calorie intake should be comprised of carbohydrates | T | F |
| 5. Fat foods should be avoided as they serve little nutritional value and only cause you to gain weight. | T | F |
| 6. The more protein you eat the better it is for you. The body will store the protein and use it later. | T | F |
| 7. Milk, fish, liver oil, and butter are poor sources of Vitamin D. | T | F |
| 8. Vitamins and minerals are good sources of energy and are used directly by the body to build tissues. | T | F |
| 9. Water is the most important "short term food" required by the body. | T | F |
| 10. Steak is the best source of protein for athletes. | T | F |

Answers on page HOW WELL DID YOU SCORE?

0-2 correct.....poor

3-5 correct.....below average

6-8 correct.....average

9-10 correct.....very good

"GRAVE LIE HUMOR"
by Paul Gravelle

**In a Mattawa cemetery:
"I told you I was sick!"

** A lawyer's epitaph in North Bay:

SIR JOHN STRANGE

Here lies an honest lawyer, and that is STRANGE.



**In a Sudbury cemetery:

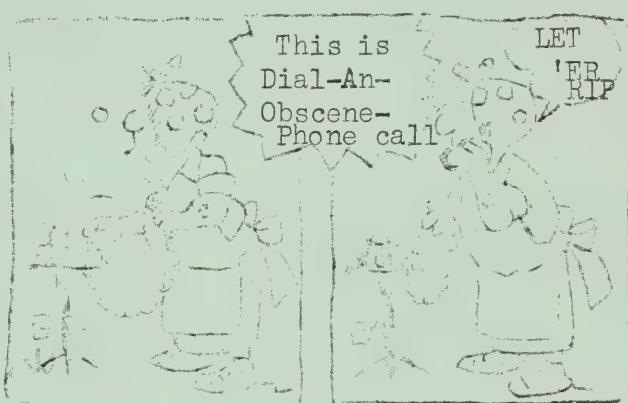
Once I Wasn't...
Then I was...
Now I Ain't Again...

**Old maid's epitaph in a Toronto cemetery:

NO HITS,
NO RUNS,
NO HEIRS...

**In the Boot Hill cemetery:

Here Lies
Lester Moore.
Four Slugs
From a Forty-Four
No Les
No More.



** Belleville cemetery:

HERE LIES ANN MANN
WHO LIVED AN OLD MAID
BUT DIED AN OLD MANN.

**In a Hamilton cemetery:

Here Lies
Danny Yeast...
Pardon Me
For Not Rising...

FRESNO, California: A barmaid and a bandit played a game of "chicken" with loaded pistols early yesterday and, although no shots were fired, the barmaid won. The action took place at The Bit, a proletarian beer and wine oasis on the southern fringe of town, where lovely Joan O'Higgins was on duty behind the bar. Suddenly a towering bandit walked into the establishment, ordered a beer, flashed a small pistol and commanded Miss O'Higgins to clean out the cash register. The barmaid placed \$11 on the bar, an amount that failed to satisfy the bandit, whose height was estimated at six feet five. "Give me the rest," he demanded. Barmaid O'Higgins reached into a drawer for the main money bag and the .22 calibre pistol beneath it. She pointed the gun at the man and asked: "Now, what do you want to do?" The bandit, realizing that he had met his match in The Bit, blinked at the sight of the gun and left, leaving his beer and the \$11 behind.

LIBRARY NOTES by C.Sheridan

The Librarian, Rudy Meier, has made a small deal with Springboard and it looks like we will be getting a regular donation of Pocketbooks about once a month. Springboard will be bringing in a couple of boxes full every once in awhile. As for Hardcover Books, well, about two months ago we had about two hundred Fiction and Non-Fiction books delivered. The first night they were on the shelves just about all of them were issued. We have seen roughly ten(10) returned for re-issue, so everyone will just have to wait till the others are brought back. We should be getting more Hardcovers in the near future. Maybe...

Gossip Column: Family Day, June 17, was a Blast...I even had a visit, unexpected but nice. I am usually behind the curtain on the stage, handling the lights for the band, and I don't get much of a chance to look around and see all the visitors, but this time I was sitting out in the audience with my visitors and I got a good look. Boy, that Dance Floor was busy all evening, and what surprised me most was all the middle-aged guys with the young chicks(probably their nieces!) out on the Floor shaking a leg. Norm LaRose hardly sat down at all and even John Simard was out trying. It is nice to see these older fellows enjoying themselves once in awhile...

Even Bob MacDonald was out on the floor a couple of times and my niece almost flipped. She digs Tall Guys(she is only 5 foot nothing herself) and her husband had to hold her in her chair when she saw Bob on the dance floor. Harold Bastien was gliding around like a Pro for hours. The only one I noticed copping out(too tired) was a certain Paul who will otherwise be nameless...CHICKEN...I think a good time was had by all, especially the kids. They always have a good time and it is very very nice to see...

Harold Bastien is a very proud father this month. His 12 year old son Danny is an excellent swimmer and in competitions in Operation Moscow of the South Shore at the end of May he was leading in most of his heats and placed very respectably overall in 14 different events: Backstroke(100m and 200m), Individual Medley(200m & 400m), Crawl(50m, 100m, 200m & 400m), Breaststroke (100m & 200m), Butterfly(100m & 200m), Relay(200m) and Medley Relay(200m). Now it's plain to see why Harold has as one of his campaign promises that there will be an Olympic-sized pool in the yard. Old guys never learn...



FAMILY DAY, JUNE 1978

Once again this day was held and overall it was enjoyed by most of the people with a few exceptions, and those for the most part were legitimate and caused a few hitches which hopefully we with the help of all concerned can get straightened out before September. Before i go any further there is quite a few people who must be thanked and for the job they did, even the words i am about to say seem really inadequate, but once again guys THANK YOU FOR A JOB WELL DONE!!!!

The leader of the day, Big Bob MacDonald, did a hell of a job, helping people and just goes to show that my faith put in him was totally justified. Thank you big fellow for the job and for showing that the long timers will get things done if given the recognition and the opportunity to do something for themselves and the guys in here.

Also, many thanks to Louanne and Maureen for coming in and helping in the Day Care Centre, which once again was totally successful and the following deserve a big personal thanks: Gino Tonet, Tom Pilling, Al Sweeney, Ian Currie, Willy Flowers, Cornelius Spencer. We also have the guys who worked their butts off on the food line: Tom Beauchamp, Mike Haines, Billy Cole, Bob Coulton, John Martin, Clouse, Paul "Animal" Ritchie.....

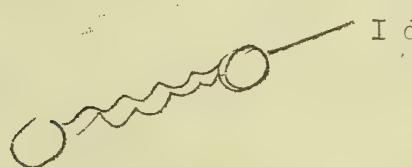
Other guys that also deserve thanks are Sheridan, Tallon, Robbie Keayes, the gang that did the set up for the day and the clean up crew. The guys on the paint crew who worked so hard to paint the hallway so that our guests wouldn't have to see the dingy conditions we live in, guys like Whitney, and all the others, i can't remember the names, but thanks anyway.

A lot of people put a lot of effort into this day and somebody has to say thanks. i just wish that more people would say thanks to the guys whether outside or inside, not just to be polite, but meaning it, since they give a lot of time and effort, trying to make the day better for you. And if you don't appreciate it or support the day itself, then what in the hell is the use of a lot of good effort gone bad? We have a lot of work to do for the next one and hopefully find ways of improvement, but unless you speak out and share your ideas, what can really get done?

All in all i enjoyed the day except for the various delays causing some people anxiety, etc. and was pleased also that nothing really major went wrong to cause cancellation of future ones. Keep your fingers crossed people that things get straightened out and the coming one is even a bigger and better success. Take care, see you:::::::

—Paul Frank

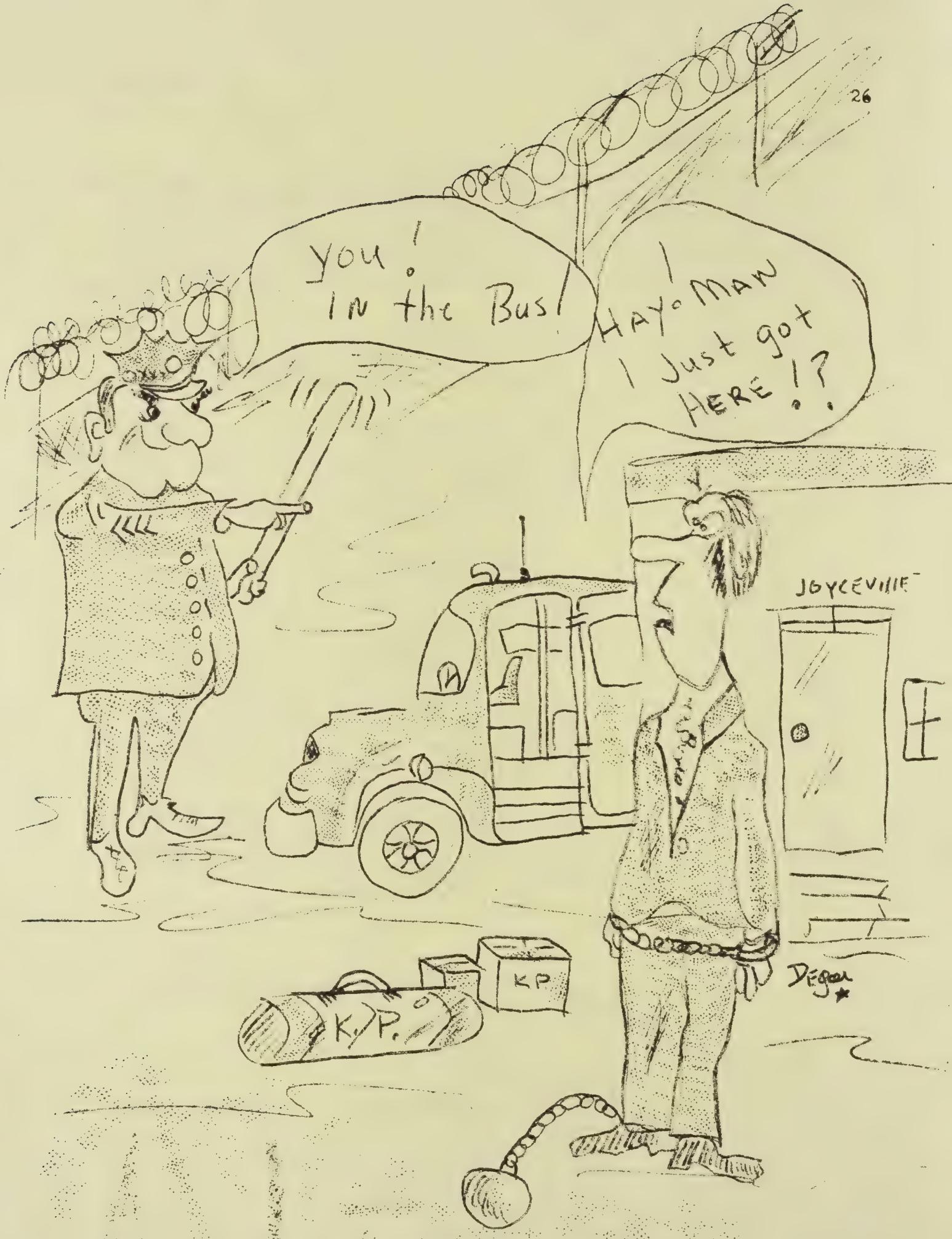
I didn't mean to use that much soup!



Ah, shut up!



H.B.



THE COUNTERFEIT CONVICT by Ron Van Bree

What can a counterfeit convict learn? Like a counterfeit dollar, regardless of how well it is duplicated, it lacks the backing of our federal reserve. Its value is not a real value. Would you accept a counterfeit 20 dollar bill from me for goods you had for sale? If you were aware that the bill was phony, you'd probably refuse to up any merchandise for it. If you gave me a counterfeit 20 dollar bill for change I'd probably give you 2-\$7 bills and a \$6 bill in return, and neither you nor I would be better off than before the exchange. I'm a firm believer in the saying that goes this way: You have to walk the walk before you can talk the talk.

It matters not whether it's a counterfeit 20 dollar bill or a counterfeit convict. They both lack authenticity. Their only parallel lies in poetic difference: If I slipped a counterfeit 20 dollar bill into your (meaning society) monetary system, you would consider that a crime had been perpetrated, yet you would expect to slip a counterfeit convict into the penal system. Well, I in some ways feel that this would constitute a crime against the society I am presently forced to live in. Society need only listen to the people who know about prisons--the real convict. He or she has walked the walk.

I am not different than all human beings. Sure, a \$20 bill looks good, similar in many cases, but the paper cannot be substituted. I look similar to a human being(in fact I am) yet many think I am different because I was convicted for a crime against society, thereby losing my authenticity as a human being. The major difference between the humans in here and the humans out there is that the ones in here "got caught."

How can a counterfeit convict ever get to feel what it is like to be rejected by family, friends and society in general because he or she got caught? It's only after being caught and processed through our justice system that the foundation for the road you must follow is paved. It's only then that you are treated different, since who cares how a criminal is treated? "After all," the argument goes, "That criminal wasn't too concerned about the rights of others!" A counterfeit convict would never be treated like a convicted criminal because the legitimacy to treat him like an outcast would not be in the attitude of the keeper(staff). A counterfeit convict would not experience the feeling of rejection and loneliness, the pain of injustices that are disguised as justice; the hopelessness of ever ridding himself of the stigma of "ex-con." That stigma is such that no one believes us when we speak or act out against these injustices. The real story can only be conveyed by someone who has felt the deprivation of prison life. The only prerequisite is an authentic conviction for a crime which will pass a person over that seemingly invisible line.

We once had a couple of gentlemen from a TV station live amongst us. They were accepted for what they were---"outsiders"--trying to capture the insights and feelings of "insiders." They received friendly acceptance but nonetheless, they were excluded from the real life in its totality. A note, either from staff or inmate supposedly turned up in the hands of the director, threatening the lives of these gentlemen if they were not removed from the population. It is extremely difficult for me to believe that an inmate wrote this secretive note, since the population really wanted these fellows to have as much insight as possible. Society either doesn't believe us or we aren't conveying our feelings in such a way as to merit understanding.

A counterfeit convict would know that he is going through a mock sentence. Therefore, he would know that his situation in here is for a short time and he would know when he was getting out. That alone is more than inmates know. The rest of the men would not be close to him, since living together for years on the same side of the fence brings people very close together such that we have real empathy for each other, based on the "us" and "them" syndrome. Seeing your fellowman getting "shafted" and not to be able to do anything about it is a terrible feeling of helplessness. The human rights of individuals seem to come secondary to what's easy for legalists to work out in committee.

Would society be receptive to what a counterfeit convict would have to say? Would they believe him? Why would they not believe the man or woman who has walked the walk, when the only difference between an authentic convict and counterfeit convict is that one got caught and convicted, for real, while the other, though he may be guilty of some little crime, is only going through a mock tribulation?



"I shot him with a bow and arrow because I didn't want to wake the children."

HOLIDAYS IN THE MARITIMES
from Travel Times Magazine, Spring 1978

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Prince Edward Island is so small that you can drive the complete circuit between breakfast and dinner. But that isn't the best way to enjoy a stay there.

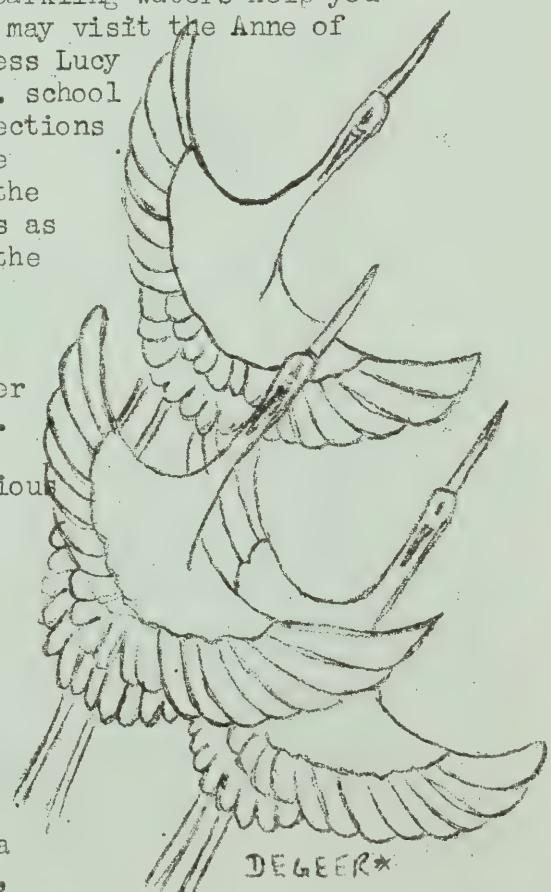
Despite many years of tourist promotion, the island has lost none of its quiet charm. Everywhere the residents make tourists welcome without any side or pretension. Lack of sophistication has been no barrier to the success of a variety of tourist attractions. The best known is Confederation Centre surrounding the seat of government in the provincial capital of Charlottetown. The old government building where the Fathers of Confederation met to negotiate the terms of federation stands beside a graceful conference centre and library built to commemorate our first 100 years.

The city nestles on the edge of a deep inlet of the Strait of Northumberland which almost cuts the island in half. There are good hotels, motels and tourist homes plus a number of good places to eat. Sea food is the specialty although the island has become an important producer of prime beef. Campers and those who stay in cottages shop in its supermarkets and browse the handicraft stores which have been opened in the old section near the harbor.

A few miles to the northwest stretch the magnificent beaches on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Red sands and sparkling waters help you laze the days away. Further to the west you may visit the Anne of Green Gables House which commemorates authoress Lucy Maude Montgomery whose stories about a P.E.I. school girl still maintain a strong hold on the affections of North American readers. In addition to the government sponsored museum, you can visit the farm house where she spent many happy summers as a child. The original family still lives in the house and show visitors the many Montgomery momentos.

A great feature of the Island is the lobster suppers which the Lions Club and other organizations serve during the summer months. They seem to be patronized as much by the natives as visitors. We elected to visit various fishing villages for fresh ocean fish and other delicacies. You can usually get live lobster in season and cook your own.

West of Summerside on famous Malpeque Bay is Green Park which seems to receive little publicity. Here you may visit the Yeo House, a magnificent 19th century mansion built by one of the island's wealthy lumber and ship-building families. It's beautifully furnished in the style of the period. The old home, marine museum and shipyard are in a lovely parkland setting with camping, picnic, swimming and other recreation facilities. The



attractive exhibits bring to life in the imagination what it was like when P.E.I. pioneers built ships which sailed the seven seas.

The original giants of the forest were cut, hewn into timbers and assembled by hardy craftsmen during the winter months on open-air slips. During the summer, they farmed and fished. These part-time shipwrights built fine sailing ships which were famous for their soundness and sailing qualities. The same craftsmanship and distinctive design may be seen in the many handsome old wooden homes which may be seen from one end of the province to the other.

NEWFOUNDLAND

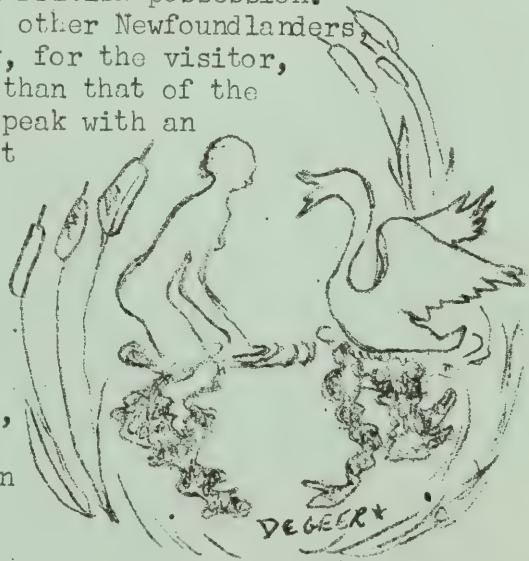
Barely denting the rocky wilderness of Newfoundland, St. John's the provincial capital, is a city unlike any other in Canada. Shaped by a harsh and forbidding environment, it remains, despite the encroachments of the 20th century, true to its origins.

Not even the tallest, most sophisticated glass and concrete memorial to modern life can block out the almost frighteningly beautiful wilderness that seems to creep even into the heart of downtown. Nowhere is the bustle of city life loud enough to drown out your awareness of the raging seas that cut off Newfoundland from the rest of the world.

St. John's, a relatively small city with a metropolitan population of just under 19,000, rises in colorful steps from a land-locked harbor on the eastern coast of the province. The steep streets, in the old part of the city, are lined with tall, narrow frame houses, painted in vivid shades of pink, green and yellow. Interspersed among the houses are the towers and spires of churches and other public structures, some old, some new. Further out, the newer sections are indistinguishable, in most ways, from the residential and industrial suburbs of any North American city. However, the oldest street on the continent, Water Street, dates back to 1583 when Sir Humphrey Gilbert claimed the island as a British possession.

The residents of St. John's, like other Newfoundlanders, speak with a lilting accent. Fortunately, for the visitor, it is considerably easier to understand than that of the fishermen from the tiny outports. They speak with an earthy wit peculiar to the people of that province. Nobody could ever accuse a Newfoundland of taking himself too seriously. Several years ago a city councillor commented that a road, then being built, had cost so much money it should indeed be a road deluxe. When the time came to name the new street, it was called Road Deluxe. Every Newfoundland, it seems, is a born raconteur. Drop into one of the bars on Water Street, the main thoroughfare, and find out for yourself. Listeners are always welcome.

Although St. John's was the first site in North America continuously visited and eventually settled by white men from western



Europe, it was not incorporated until the late 19th century. The old part of the city dates back, for the most part, only to 1872 with some small sections going back to 1846 and only a few buildings from before that. Two major conflagrations, in 1846 and 1872, virtually destroyed the biggest and best part of the capital, which is why "Old St. John's" really isn't all that old.

One of the earliest buildings still in use is St. Thomas Anglican Church, familiarly known as the "Old Garrison." It opened in 1836. The Roman Catholic Basilica of St. John the Baptist, an imposing twin-tower structure, was constructed between 1841 and 1855. It is built in the shape of a Latin Cross and holds 6,000 worshippers. The Colonial Building, seat of government from 1850 to 1960, is another of the city's older buildings. Built of stone brought from Cork, Ireland, and opened January 28, 1950, it served as Newfoundland's House of Assembly through four successive forms of government.

Signal Hill National Historic Park, site of the Cabot Tower and Queen's Battery, is probably St. John's best known tourist attraction. The view of the city and surrounding area is magnificent. The Visitor's Reception and Interpretation Centre at the Park features an audio visual tour of the history of Newfoundland. From here foot paths lead to Gibbett Hill, Queen's Battery, Cabot Tower and Ladies' Lookout.

Not everything worth visiting in St. John's is old. The Arts and Culture Centre, Newfoundland's major Canadian Centennial project opened in 1967 and has been a resounding success. The Centre includes a 1,000 seat theatre, an art gallery, library facilities, teaching facilities consisting of classrooms and studios for the visual arts, drama and music, and a restaurant.

St. John's is an ideal city for the outdoorsman. He need not even go beyond the city limits to enjoy swimming, boating, hiking and fishing. Several modern hotels and motels are conveniently located both downtown and on the outskirts of the city. Nearby campgrounds are numerous. Good restaurants are also at hand. The province is noted for its fine Queen crab, lobster, Atlantic salmon, halibut and cod tongues.

Visitors can travel to Newfoundland either by air or car ferry from North Sydney, Nova Scotia to Port aux Basques and to Argentia. From Port aux Basques to St. John's it's 904 kilometres (565 miles) on the Trans-Canada Highway. Argentia is 126 kilometres (79 miles) from St. John's.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Grand Manan, a 32 km (20 mile) ferry ride from the mainland, is the largest (24 km or 15 miles long) and most remote of the Fundy Isles. Its sister islands are Campobello, which can be reached by the Roosevelt International Bridge, and Deer, a 6.5 (4 miles) ferry ride from the coast. Commercial fishing is the chief industry of Grand Manan with lobster, scallops and clams the main catches. The weather is pleasant, never too hot, and the early morning mist usually lifts by the time you've had your breakfast. There's no ragweed or poison ivy. It's an ideal family vacation spot. Modest but adequate accommodation and camping spaces are available.

The people of Grand Manan are friendly. They greet one another

constantly, wave at strangers and even pretty young girls smile recklessly at middle-aged mainlanders. If you're not careful you may be contaminated by all this friendliness and perhaps even lose your big-city mask. Because local residents realize the quality of life they enjoy on their peaceful island could be spoiled by an influx of tourists, the lack of ultra-modern accommodation and limited ferry service might be viewed as a deliberate conspiracy against visitors. Not so. It's an unplanned but welcome conservation measure. The very lack of crowds, plus unquestionable natural beauty are what make Grand Manan particularly charming to those who do visit.

The 2,000 inhabitants of the island live mainly in eight small villages, all situated along the east coast except one. North Head is the most important because it is the ferry terminal. The harbor is navigable at all times and there is adequate accommodation near the ferry. Grand Manan Airfield, near North Head, can receive light planes but there is no scheduled air service and the island has no car rental agencies.

Sunsets can be admired from almost anywhere on the island but the view from the "Whistle" at Long Eddy Point is beyond comparison. This scenic look-out at the northern tip of Grand Manan is accessible by car. The next village, along the paved highway that runs almost the entire length of the island is Castalia. It has the only beer and liquor store on Grand Manan.

Dark Harbor is the only inhabited place on the west coast of the island. It's the centre of the island's dulse (an edible seaweed) industry and during the warm season pickers live in small huts precariously resting on a wind-swept sand bar. The Dark Harbor dulse, picked at low tide and dried on the beach, is reputed to be the best in the world. It is sold in Canada and the United States as a snack similar to potato chips.

Grand Harbor is a good place for buying island craftwork and souvenirs. It is close to the "Thoroughfare," a narrow strip of water between Grand Manan and Ross Island, site of the first permanent settlement in the island group in 1784. White Head Island is an island of special geological interest. The ferry from Ingall's Head Village to White Head makes three trips daily and boats can be chartered at Ingall's Head for trips to the islands of Kent, Sheep and Hay, known as the Three Islands. Among birds that can be admired on Grand Manan and its offshore islands are herring gulls, common eiders, black guillemots, razor bills, shearwaters, greater black-backed gulls, gannets and several other species. There's a tent and trailer park known as The Anchorage 4.8 kms(3 miles) south of Grand Harbor. It is run by the province of New Brunswick and is about 1.6km(1 mile) from the main highway. To many visitors, Seal Cove is the prettiest village on Grand Manan. The humorous and colorful smoke houses beg the motorist to stop and have a look. Millions of herrings are smoked here each year in fish processing plants.

A week or Grand Manan is an inexpensive holiday. There are no nightclubs, fancy restaurants or exclusive shops to drain your pocket-book. Instead, there is fresh air, friendly people and unsurpassed natural beauty. A good way to get there is to fly to Saint John or Fredericton, rent a car and drive to Black's Harbor to catch the Grand

Manan ferry. Both Saint John and Fredericton are served by Air Canada and Eastern Provincial Airways. Black's Harbor is 9.6 km(6 miles) off Highway 1 between St. Stephen and Saint John or 56 km(35 miles) from Calais, Me. M.V. Grand Manan makes two round trips to the island each day on a regular basis and three trips when necessary. There's a snack bar on board. The ferry does not accept reservations so motorists are advised to be at the terminal early.

NOVA SCOTIA

Side by side, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, are two shopping areas that appear to be from different centuries. In a way, they are.

Historic Properties, on the waterfront, is a fine restoration of historic buildings, once busy with shipping activities, but now transformed into an assortment of interesting shops, restaurants and pubs. The buildings, walks and wharves cover three acres from Granville Street to the waterfront.

Historic Properties includes about 40 shops, restaurants, pubs and offices, plus docking facilities for the famous Bluenose II schooner and the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. There is a natural air about the whole place which has buildings dating back to the early 1800's. First, it is on the water's edge with a background of passing ships and circling gulls. Most restaurants and shops have salty names like The King's Wharf, The Clipper Gay, The Pieces of Eight, l'Entrepot and The Barnacle. In the Privateer's Warehouse, there's an Upper Deck Restaurant, a Middle Deck Lounge and a Lower Deck Pub.

Don't be surprised if you see and hear the properly-attired Town Crier, bell in hand, read special announcements from a scroll. Haligonians and visitors love the place. It's a cluster of interlaced and fascinating small shops and eating places without department stores or supermarkets.

Just across the street, the ultra-modern Scotia Square combines shopping centre, hotel, apartment and office towers in what has been described as an indoor city. It is the largest concentration of stores, shops and office buildings in the Atlantic provinces. It's another world, a world of superlatives in total contrast to Historic Properties.

Scotia Square has 17 ladies' wear shops, 15 restaurants and fast food outlets, 10 jewelry and gift shops, eight home furnishings stores, many shoe stores and about 50 other establishments including a department store, supermarket, liquor store, bank and travel office. There's individual parking for 2,000 cars at the four-level shopping centre.

The Square is connected to Chateau Halifax, a new 312-room CP hotel offering fine restaurants and lounges, as well as extensive convention facilities. There's indoor access to two apartment buildings from the shopping area: Scot Towers with 194 apartments and MacKeen Towers with 114. The Duke and Barrington and Cogswell Towers are three impressive office buildings which are also part of the huge complex. The four-storey Mart Building completes the "indoor city."

Historic Properties and Scotia Square are within walking distance of such popular places of interest as The Citadel, the Nova Scotia Museum and the Public Gardens. Halifax is a city of about 225,000, is the capital and is one of the continent's largest seaports. For further info write Nova Scotia Dept of Tourism, P.O.Box 130, Halifax, N.S.

Quote from YOUR ERRONEOUS ZONES by Dr. Wayne W. Dyer (pp107)

Most prisons operate on the guilt theory. That is, if a person sits long enough thinking how bad he's been, he will be better for the guilt. Jail sentences for non-violent crimes such as tax evasion, traffic citations, civil infractions and the like are examples of this mind-set. The fact that a strikingly large percentage of inmates return to law-breaking behavior has done nothing to challenge this belief.

Sit in a jail and feel bad for what you've done. This policy is so expensive and useless that it defies logical explanation. The illogical explanation, of course, is that guilt is such an integral part of our culture, that is is the backbone of our criminal justice system. Rather than have civil law breakers help society or repay their debts, they are reformed through guilt-producing incarceration that has no benefit to anyone, least of all the offender.

No amount of guilt, however large, will change past behavior. Moreover, jails are not places where new legal choices are learned. Instead, they encourage a repetition of illegal behavior by embittering the prisoner.

** Hayloft Hannah was saying that when you've got a daughter 25 who's still single you're not butting in by furthering any romance-- it's known as vocational guidance.

** It's a funny thing, but some people seem to think that because they do the opposite of what they are asked to do, they have initiative.

** Then there was the sign on the back of a small car: "No honk. The hurrier I go, the behinder I get."

** An old Indian stood on top of a hill with his son, looking over the beautiful valley below them. Said the old Indian, "Some day, my son, all this land will belong to the Indians again. Paleface all go to the moon."



"Gee! They seem awfully happy to see us, whoever they are..."

--The Interim, Tennessee, May 1, 1978.

THE RUTHERFORD-BOHR CONCEPT OF THE ATOM

According to the Rutherford-Bohr concept, atoms consist of electrons located in definite orbits around the atomic nucleus.

In 1913 the Danish chemist Niels Bohr(1885-1962,Nobel prize in Physics 1922) presented a theory which he derived from the application of Max Planck's(1858-1947,Nobel prize in Physics 1918) quantum theory to the Rutherford concept of the nuclear atom(Rutherford, 1871-1937,Canadian Nobel prize winner in Chemistry 1908).

We know from Rutherford's work that the atom consists of a positively-charged nucleus surrounded in some manner by a group of electrons equal in number to the positive charge on the nucleus. What holds these electrons in place and where are they located with respect to the nucleus? Bohr assumed that the electrons moved around the nucleus in the same manner in which the earth revolves around the sun. He equated the electrostatic force of attraction which the negative electrons would have for the positive nucleus(Coulomb's law: the force of attraction or repulsion of charged bodies is directly proportional to the product of the charges and inversely proportional to the square of the distance of separation) with the tangential force which would tend to make the electrons leave the vicinity of the nucleus.

The forces on the electron are analogous to the forces on a ball which is tied to the end of a string and whirled around in circles above your head. The string exerts a force that pulls the ball toward you, analogous to the electrostatic force; the tangential force is the force that would make the ball fly if you let go of the string. The quantum theory entered the picture when Bohr assumed that the electrons could travel in only certain restricted orbits. Two dimensional representations of the Hydrogen and Helium atoms are shown in Figure 1. The pictures are misleading; if the nucleus were the size of a pinhead, the electron would be about 40 feet away. Remember, matter is mostly empty space.

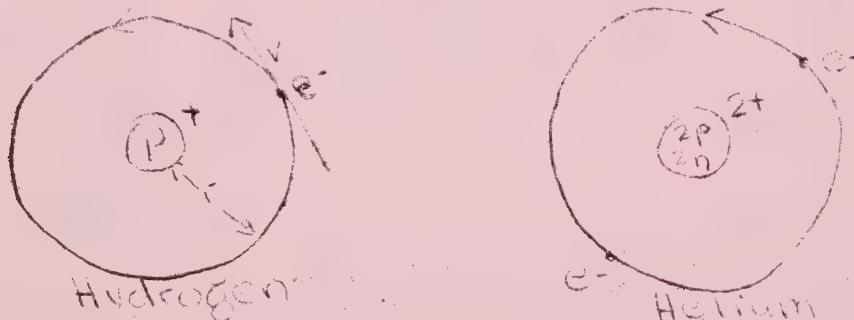


Figure 1.Bohr representations of the Hydrogen and Helium atoms. The Bohr radius is indicated by r and equals 0.529×10^{-8} which is about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an Angstrom. The electron velocity is 2.188×10^8 cm/sec which is about 1302 miles per second, which requires 700 trillion revs per second on such a tiny circumference. ---Glenn H. Miller, Chemistry

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY
 from Dictionary of Science: Uvarov & Chapman

A theory formulated by Einstein, which recognizes the impossibility of determining absolute motion and leads to the concept of a four-dimensional space-time continuum. The special theory, which is limited to the description of events as they appear to observers in a state of uniform motion relative to one another, is developed from two axioms:
 (1) The laws of natural phenomena are the same for all observers, and
 (2) The velocity of light is the same constant to all observers.

The more important consequences of this theory are:

(a) The mass of a body is a function of its velocity, given by the formula $m = m_0 \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}$, where m_0 is the rest mass of the body, v its velocity, and c the velocity of light.

(b) The mass-energy equation ($E = mc^2$) where c is the velocity of light in cms/sec and E is the energy in ergs released when a mass of m grams is completely converted into energy, or where energy is converted into mass.

(c) The Fitzgerald-Lorentz contraction, which is an explanation put forward independently by Fitzgerald(1893) and Lorentz(1895) to explain the result of the Michelson-Morley experiment(see note below**) on the supposition that a body moving with high velocity through the "ether" would experience a contraction in length in the direction of the motion. This contraction was later shown to be a direct consequence of the relativity theory.

**Michelson-Morley experiment: an attempt to measure the velocity of the earth through the "ether," by measuring the effect which such a velocity would have upon the velocity of light. No such motion of the earth relative to the ether was detected: a result of the greatest importance for the theory of relativity since it is based on the axiom that light always has a constant speed(2.9978×10^{10} cm/sec= 186,326 miles/sec).

The general theory of relativity, applicable to observers not in uniform relative motion(two different space ship continua travelling at different speeds and in different directions) leads to a novel concept of the theory of gravitation contradictory to Newtonian mechanics which states gravitation in terms of particles in the universe attracting each other with forces proportional to the mass of particles and inversely proportional to the square of the distance separating them.

NEWTONIAN

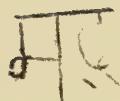
EINSTEINIAN

$$G = \frac{m}{(d_2 - d_1)^2}$$

G = mass in motion,
 distance not relevant

The implication of Einsteinian gravitation is that any body in the cosmos exerts forces on a moving frame of reference(continuum) without distance being a consideration. Newtonian mechanics(at much slower speeds) shows that gravitational forces decrease with distance.

SANSKRIT:



(mad): exhilarate, rejoice



(budh) : awake



(yu): join

SUMERIAN: MUS (mush): serpent (cf. muse)

URIM: prayer

URRAM SERAM (urram sherram): today & tomorrow, time flow,
forever

EGYPTIAN:



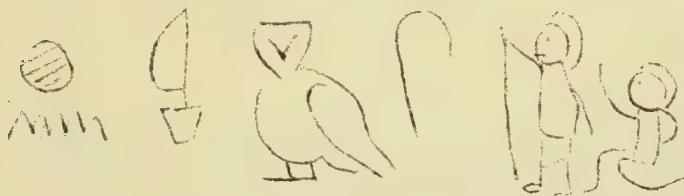
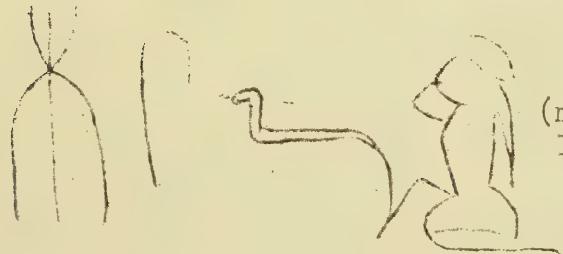
(ra): mouth



(paru) : house



(ket): thing

(kinmus):
friend,kinsman(mis sedja wanum): to hate,
literally: "to eat fox skins"

ICELANDIC: heimwisar : world

matur : man, person ('t' = th)

ord : word

IRISH(GAELIC): firinne(feeringi): truth

buiochas(bachsen): thanks

gearra chaile(gyarachali): young girl

ra (raa): saying, to say

coirce(korki): oats

muinteoir(moon-tor): teacher

GERMAN: zeigen: to show

prüfen: to examine

zeichnen: to draw

leben: to live

RUSSIAN: НАХОДИТЬСЯ (naxodeetsya): to be situated

Родители (rodeetyelee): parents

ARABIC:

 (ihasaeena): good, beautiful

 (harradin) : wide, space

 (jaru): sea

CHINESE:

 (hu): door, family

 (yung): use

 (juan): revolve, turn

 (youah): say

 (shir): indicate

 (ch'iang): wall

INDONESIAN:	saat: moment asin: salty pidato: speech kera:monkey muka: face kain:cloth harimau:tiger babu:pig badan: body	djudi:gamble djandji:promise chawatir: chatter chusus:specific kuatir: quitter tuhan: god zat: substance lupa:forget hak: right,claim
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YORUBA:	ajeji, ajoji: strange, foreign afeeri: thing which vanishes alafia: well-being bebe: to implore buruku: bad, nasty, wicked da ara mida : I am well kil'o nse nisisiyi ?:What are you doing now?
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SWAHILI:	bora: excellent hodari: brave tajiri: rich maskini: poor kamili: complete miongoni rwa watu: among the people juu yangu, juu yako: "it's on me," "it's my business."
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SAMOAN:	fogaele'ele: surface of the earth fogāvai: surface of the water on te le mafai ona fai lenā mea mo Pā'i ma Lafai, Tui ma seve, mo Pili ma Mo'o: I can't do that for every Tom, Dick & Harry! iloilo: to examine o'o: to arrive, to reach ula: to smoke(tobacco) fa'aaoga: to make use of
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GREEK: Correction: last month we were in error in printing that
 $\alpha\gamma\lambda\theta\sigma$ =man. Sorry! $\alpha\gamma\lambda\theta\sigma$ =good and man has
two forms: $\alpha\gamma\lambda\theta\sigma$ =man in lower case with $\alpha\gamma\lambda\theta\pi\tau\tau\sigma$
equal to Mankind or Man in upper case.

$\tau\alpha\theta\epsilon\iota\omega$ (pathēne)	: to sense, feel	$\sigma\theta\kappa\alpha\eta\omega$ (obskāna)	: off stage, private
$\psi\omega\chi\eta$ (psukā)	: spirit, mind		(cf. obscene)
$\sigma\omega\phi\rho\sigma\omega\eta\omega$ (sōphrosūnā)	: moderation		
$\kappa\cdot\eta\epsilon\omega\cdot\omega$ (kineō)	: to move (cf. kinetics)		
$\alpha\cdot\iota\cdot\theta\eta\epsilon\iota\omega$ (aisthasis)	: perception (cf.aesthetics)		

Self-Counselling Series on Civil Rights in Canada by P. Michael Bolton, LLB

Chapter 1:Getting Stopped by Police in the Streets

The situations in which police have a lawful right to stop and question you are very limited in Canadian law. In practice, however, the legal limitations do not mean much. Police will stop any person who they consider to be suspicious looking or any person found in circumstances they consider to be suspicious. Because of the vagueness of our laws of arrest and search, police can easily justify their actions even if their suspicions are unfounded.

A police officer is allowed to walk up to you and accost you in the street to ask you questions, just as any stranger can. There is no restriction whatever on the officer's right to ask questions. However, unless he has a legal reason, he has no right to detain you. This means that if an officer walks up to you, stands in front of you and begins to ask you questions without suggesting a legal reason for doing so, you can walk away without answering any of the questions. He may ask as many questions as he wishes; you needn't answer any of them.

The question will arise as to what kinds of circumstances will be considered suspicious by police and as to what kinds of persons will be considered to be suspicious-looking. Unfortunately, this depends entirely on the personality and perceptual processes of the particular officer involved. Some police officers may consider it suspicious to see any young person out at 3:00 in the morning. Other police officers will not consider this to be suspicious unless the persons are walking down an alleyway behind business premises where there would be an opportunity for breaking and entering. Other officers will consider it to be suspicious to see a person walking in a skid road area in which drugs are commonly used. It may be suspicious to a police officer to see persons who are under age lurking about a liquor store or licensed premises. Extraordinarily dishevelled appearance, long hair, tattoos on the arm, motorcycles, or anything of that sort may strike the police officer as suspicious. The number of potentially suspicious circumstances is absolutely infinite. Again, it depends entirely on the personal kinks of the particular officer involved.

The only generalization that can be made is that a suspicious circumstance can be any situation in which an officer may regard your appearance or behavior as irregular.

A good knowledge of your civil rights will not prevent you from being hassled by police officers, but it will help you to handle the situation if you are stopped. And presumably, if everyone who is hassled by police asserts their legal rights, the quality of police detection may improve.

The general rule for the situation where an officer stops you for no apparent reason and begins to ask questions is that you don't have to tell him anything. The law doesn't require you to identify yourself or supply any other information unless the officer can suggest a legal

reason for making such a demand. And if he suggests a legal reason, it may only go as far as being a legal reason for stopping you in most circumstances, and not for asking you questions. There are exceptions to this, which are detailed below.



THE CATCH-ALL REASONS FOR STOPPING PEOPLE

Canada no longer has the type of vagrancy laws which allow an officer to wantonly stop persons and ask them questions about their whereabouts, their economic situation and place of residence. This does not mean, however, that persons will not be stopped without substantial reasons. The commonly used guises for stopping persons who are doing absolutely nothing wrong and about whom there is nothing apparently suspicious is to do it under cover of drug or weapon laws. These laws are sufficiently vague so as to allow police officers to stop a person and search just on a reasonable suspicion that the suspect might have drugs or weapons. The reasonableness of the officer's grounds for stopping a person and questioning or searching him under the drug laws or the weapons laws is a difficult thing to determine. The statutes themselves do not set out any criteria for determining these things. Clearly the fact that police officer sees that you have long hair is not a reason for searching you for marihauna. Nor is the fact that you have a look on your face that he does not like a reason for allowing him to search you for weapons. However, police will and do justify such unwarranted searches on the grounds that they saw a furtive movement or saw some silver paper moved from one person's hand to another person's hand or saw something protruding from a pocket which looked like it may have been the butt of a knife or some such other reason.

You cannot be searched unless the police officer has a lawful reason

for making a search. An arrested person can be searched. If you are not arrested, the officer must state some other lawful reason, such as a belief that you are carrying drugs, liquor or weapons illegally. You may resist an illegal search, using only as much force as is reasonably necessary. Alternatively, you may inform the officer that you believe the search is illegal and that you do not consent to it. If he persists, you may sue him in civil law for damages for assault, false arrest or detention or charge him in criminal law with common assault. Even the threat of this possibility can act as a real deterrent to rambunctious police officers.

You cannot be held for investigation. Police officers have used this as a guise to arrest persons whom they do not immediately have evidence to charge. They have no right to detain you unless they place you under arrest. If you are under arrest you are charged, not held for investigation. If the police say they wish you to go with them for further investigation, you may go with them. It is up to you, but you are not obliged to go! Obviously, if the officer believes there is evidence to support his suspicions, you will be arrested immediately and charged and then you have no choice. It is in cases where the evidence doesn't justify an arrest on the spot that you may be requested to go to the police station for further investigation. This is not an arrest; you need not obey this request.

It is always a good policy to try to be polite to police officers, even when they don't reciprocate your politeness and proceed without legal justification. If an officer hasn't arrested you and if you don't wish to talk to him, you can say, "Constable, I don't wish to answer any further questions," and then simply walk away.

One further point. Police officers are obliged to carry their badges with them at all times and it is by this badge number that a particular officer can be identified. If you are stopped, you have the right to demand to see the badge to satisfy yourself that your inquisitor is, in fact, a policeman. You may also ask for his name. If he produces his badge and gives you his name, then you should comply with his legal demands. If his demands are not legal you should inform him that you have written down his badge number and his name and that you will be contacting the police commission to register a complaint if he does not cease hassling you immediately or at least provide a legal reason for the infliction which he is making upon you.

It is difficult to enumerate all the various guises under which a police officer will stop a person. As mentioned, the usual ones are under the drug laws, weapons laws or liquor laws which are simple for the police to justify. Formerly, the vagrancy law allowed police to stop and question any suspicious looking persons. Vagrancy was a summary offence under Criminal Code and included the charge of wandering or trespassing with no apparent means of support in failing to justify your presence to a police officer when required to do so. It enabled an officer to stop anyone any place and demand that they justify their presence. There was no right to remain silent because the failure to explain the person's

presence would be held against him. This was formerly one of the commonest means for stopping persons without cause. Now that it is gone, it is certain that greater use will be made of the drug laws, weapons laws and liquor laws.

In municipalities where a curfew is in effect for young people a perfect guise is provided for police officers to stop and question and search young persons nothing more needs to be said about laws respecting curfews, as they are obviously unjust and in violation of a person's freedom under the Bill of Rights.

Extraordinary situations, such as when we had the War Measures Act invoked, provide police with all the grounds they need to stop and question any person at any time and the threat to our civil liberties of such measures is obvious. However, it is an extraordinary situation and it is to be hoped that it will be used very sparingly and only when the national security is in jeopardy.

Another reason that can be used by police officers to stop persons is under the charge of causing a disturbance. One method of causing a disturbance is by impeding or obstructing pedestrian or vehicular traffic. Presumably, if you are standing on a sidewalk in such a manner that persons must walk around you to continue in their path you may or may not be causing a disturbance. A police officer who wishes to search you could conceivably use such a reason to stop you and ask you questions. You do not have to answer these questions unless he states that you are under arrest.

Occasionally young people are stopped by police because of municipal hitch-hiking laws. Some hitch-hiking practices are illegal. It is, for example, illegal to stand in the roadway for the purpose of soliciting a ride. Standing on the edge of a sidewalk or on the shoulder of the road if there is no sidewalk is okay. Hitch-hiking on a freeway is always illegal.

Unless you are suspected of another offence, you will probably get a warning the first time you are stopped for illegal hitch-hiking. Police officers have been known to circle the block after warning you about illegal hitch-hiking. If they do circle the block and you are still standing in the roadway when they come by again, you will probably get a ticket. They don't have to arrest you. If they do arrest you, they have a right to search you. You don't have to answer any questions.

Provincial motor-vehicle laws authorize the police to stop any motor-vehicle and ask the driver to produce his driver's license, vehicle registration and insurance evidence. If you drive a vehicle always be prepared to produce these three documents. They may also ask the name and address of the driver and owner of the vehicle. They have no right to question passengers unless the passenger happens to also be the owner, and then they can only ask the questions which they are entitled to as listed above.

If they try to search the car, ask to see a search warrant. If they inform you they are searching under the drug, weapons or liquor laws, they may have the right to proceed without a warrant if they have grounds.

Otherwise, they have no right to search a vehicle without a warrant and you may resist the search, using such force as is reasonably necessary in the circumstances to resist the search successfully.

GETTING HASSLED AT HOME

Searches by police officers for soft drugs are the commonest guise for invading a person's privacy of apartment or home. They cannot do so without a search warrant or without a writ of assistance. Both of these documents are dealt with in Chapter 7 which discusses the drug laws in detail. It is under the drug laws that most of the searches of houses or other esidence are made. Another common guise for searching houses is that of searching for stolen property. Again, however, police must have a warrant to make such a search.

Gleanings from the Prime Minister, P.E. Trudeau, Ph.D
from his book: APPROACHES TO POLITICS, 1970.....

"...any given political authority exists only because men consent to obey it. In this sense, what exists is not so much the authority as the obedience."(pp31)

"Few men are aroused by an injustice when they are sure of not being its victims themselves."(pp32)

"...no government, no particular regime, has an absolute right to exist. This is not a matter of divine right, natural law or social contract: a government is an organization whose job is to fulfil the needs of the men and women, grouped in society, who consent to obey it."(pp36) "Consequently, the value of a government derives not from the promises it makes, from what it claims to be, or from what it alleges it is defending, but from what it achieves in practice. And it is for each citizen to judge of that."(pp37)

"But by what standards will he form his judgement? In a society of egotists, clearly, every citizen will want a government that will cater to him personally even at the expense of others: he will therefore pledge his loyalty to a government that will give him, as circumstances require, a bottle of beer, a refrigerator, a church pavement, or a university subsidy.

But a society of egotists quickly becomes a society of slaves; for no man by himself is capable of overturning an established government. Such a government is not weakened at all when one discontented citizen refuses to obey the authorities, for they simply put him in prison.

To remain free, then, citizens must seek their welfare in a social order that is just to the largest number; in practice only the majority has the power to make and unmake governments. It follows that men can live free and at peace only if their society is just."(pp37)

"The point of human society is that men living together, by mutual help, cooperation, and the division of labor, can fulfil themselves better than if they lived apart."(pp43)

"It is utterly useless to preach electoral morality to a people while minimizing or ridiculing the idea of popular sovereignty. You might as well preach christian morality after ridiculing Christ. And as a matter of fact that is just what has been happening in our society for a long time."(pp46)

"I am amazed that so many worthy people preach the morality of democracy without first preaching its doctrine.

I would be wary of a wave of political morality unaccompanied by a wind of true democracy—that is the way of fascism.

...authority is not the property of those who exercise it."(pp47)

"In any stable, self-governing society, the state is simply a creature, emanating from the members of that society...the state is precisely what the people want it to be, and has only such reality as they choose to give it. Its authority is limited by the general agreement to obey it. And it can exert only as much force as the citizens lend it."(pp48)

"Liberty is a free gift—a birthright, which distinguishes man from beast. To allow human society to develop in order and justice, men agree to some restrictions on their liberty, and obey the authority of the state. In consequence, the game of politics should consist less in wresting liberties from a grudging state than in grudgingly delegating powers to the state."(pp50)

"The real purpose of laws, then, is to educate the citizen in the common good, and persuade him to behave in the public interest, rather than to command and constrain."(pp50)

"...the merit of democracy is precisely because it makes peaceful changes possible."(pp50)

*****JOHN LOCKE: It is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of truth."(pp51)

"It is the duty of citizens...to examine their consciences on the quality of the social order they share and the political authority they acknowledge."(pp52)

****FRANCIS BACON: The surest way to prevent seditions(if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them.(pp55)

"...An exaggerated sense of the majesty of the state must not be allowed to prevent it from being a good servant."(pp63)

"In a constitutional society it is not men, but rather laws, that control us."(pp63)

"The rulers are themselves subject to the laws, and they exert authority only as far as the law allows. Our obedience, then, is not to individuals but to the general will of the nation, a will embodied in laws, to whose service and execution the rulers are appointed."(pp64)

"The statesman may well think differently from his fellow-citizens on certain subjects, he can try to convey his special wisdom to them; but in the final analysis it is the general will that must prevail, not his own will. That is why the statesman must be attentive to the needs of all sectors of society, with no bias towards thwarting any one of them, and must wish only to reconcile them all and direct them towards the general interest."(pp64)

"When someone joins the civil service the least one can demand of him is that he should render service and be civil. That's what he's there for."(pp64)

"In itself it is of little importance to purge our souls of violence; what matters is to make it useless by seeing to it that liberty always has peaceful means of expressing itself."(pp75)

****GLADSTONE: If the people are silent, you call them content; if they protest you say that they are given to disorder; and in the one case as in the other they can look to you for nothing.(pp77)

"Democracy is superior to other political systems, as I have explained, because it solicits the express agreement of the people and thus avoids the necessity of violent changes. At each election, in fact, the people assert their liberty by deciding what government they will consent to obey."(pp77)

"Now, what is it that the citizens desire? That is the question that every democratic government must ask itself constantly. And it is in this respect that the democratic state, better than any other, turns to account the creative liberty of people living in society. For if it is to establish an order that citizens will agree to support, the state must go further than merely investigating their needs; it must also encourage them to demand what they consider just. In this way democracy becomes a system in which all citizens participate in government: the laws, in a sense, reflect the wishes of the citizens and thus turn to account the special wisdom of each one; the social order to some extent embodies all the wealth of human experience that the citizens possess."

"In such a state the liberty of citizens is an end in itself. The authorities don't think of it as an annoying phrase; on the contrary, they want it, and encourage it as the surest guide to the common good." (pp78)

"...certain political rights are inseparable from the very essence of democracy: freedom of thought, speech, expression(in the press, on the radio,etc.), assembly, and association. Indeed, the moment these freedoms suffer the smallest restraint, the citizens have lost their full power to participate in the organization of the social order. And so that each citizen may feel the benefit of the inalienable

right to exercise his liberties --in spite of anyone, in spite of the state itself--to these rights two more must be added: equality of all before the law, and the right not to be deprived of one's liberty or one's goods without recourse to a trial before one's peers, under an impartial and independent judicial system."(pp80)

"...neither the Supreme Court nor even a Bill of Rights can protect us against the lack of democracy in our own thinking."(pp81)

"It is a serious matter when the government attacks our inalienable rights, whether by laws or by executive action. It is still more serious when citizens, through cowardice or stupidity, relinquish their rights even when not required by law to do so."(pp82)

****PLATO: Our object in founding the state was not the unbounded happiness of any one class, but the greatest happiness of all; we thought that in a state ordered with a view to the general welfare we would have more chance of discovering justice.(pp84)

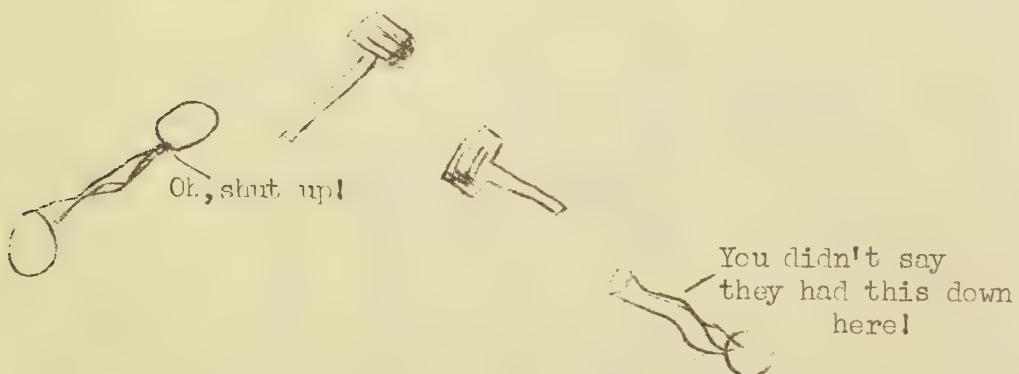
"...the state must assure itself of the services of capable men, rivalling in competence and devotion the best specialists in industry, commerce, and the professions: without that, it is impossible to ensure the triumph of the public over the private good."(pp85)

"Everywhere in the modern world strong states and competent administrations are required. But, once given these, democracy regains its advantage, for it alone offers the means of using this strength and this competence always for the general good and not for a special interest."(pp85)

"Democracy does not claim that majority rule is an infallible guide to truth. Nor does it claim that the average citizen is capable of resolving the extraordinarily- complicated problems that face modern governments."(pp83)

"Democracy recognizes that one person may be right and ninety-nine wrong."(pp88)

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H.B.

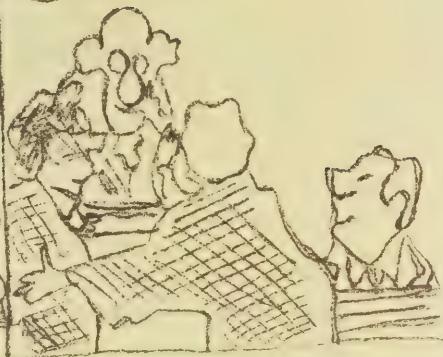
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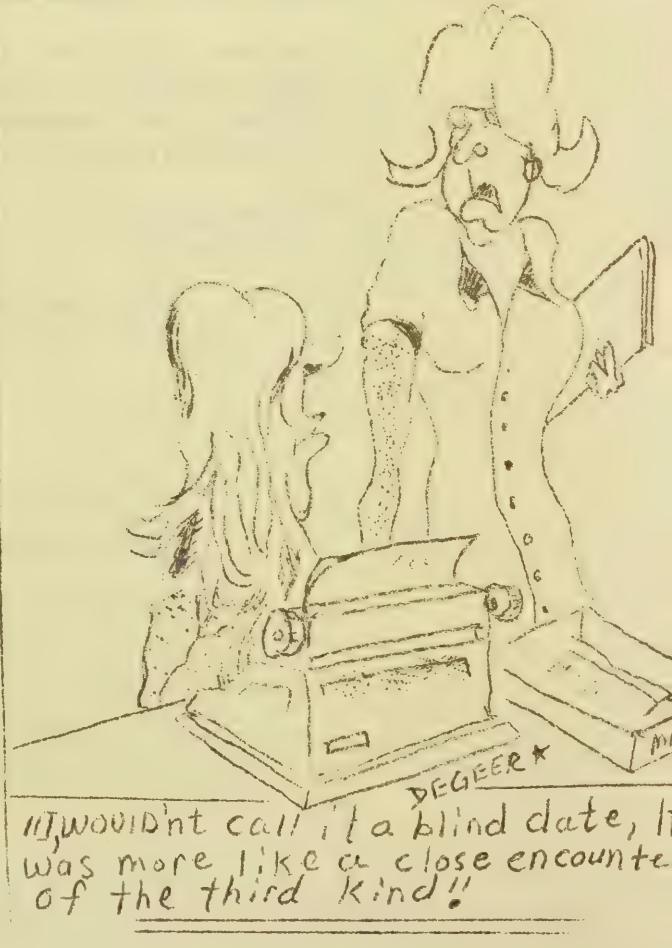
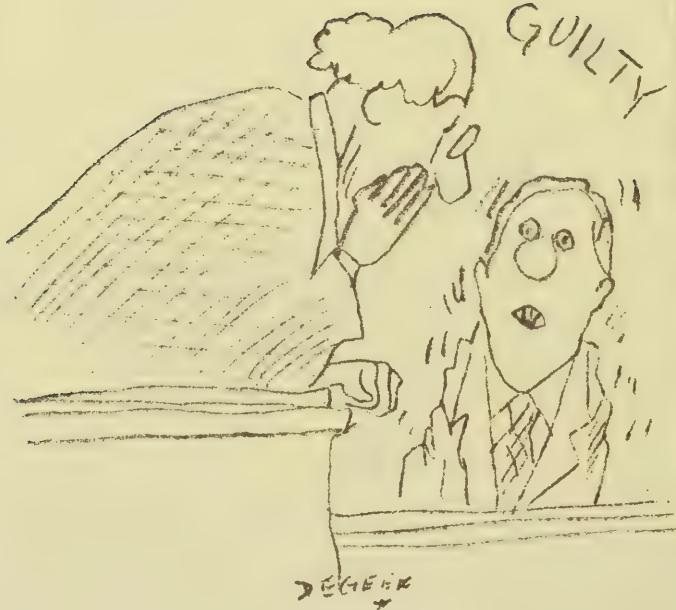
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...True Evangelical Faith  
 Cannot lie dormant.  
 It clothes the naked,  
 It feeds the hungry,  
 It comforts the sorrowful,  
 It shelters the destitute,  
 It serves those that harm it,  
 It binds up that which is wounded,  
 It has become all thing to all men.

--Menno Simons, 1539

I want you to just  
 sit there and think  
 of your sins !!



1 2 3

"Love and thought and communication  
 existed prior to the creation of the  
 heavens and the earth." -F.A. Schaeffer

("The Logos": 1st John says in the  
 beginning was the Word(or the Logos) and  
 the Word was with God and the Word  
 was God)

"Something existed before creation and  
 that something was personal and not static.  
 The Father loved the Son(love demands  
 personality). There was a plan, there was  
 communication, and promises were made  
 prior to the creation of the heavens  
 and the earth."

And stop smiling !



-F.C. Schaeffer, Genesis.

THE TRUE GURU

from Inside Out, a spiritual manual for prison life, Hanuman Foundation

Sit quietly. Breathe deeply into the heart chakra located in the middle of the chest...five very slow, deep breaths. Keep full awareness focussed on the heart chakra.

Now imagine a tiny figure the size of a thumb sitting on a red and white lotus flower in the middle of your chest. The being is radiant...a being of peace...love itself...wisdom...compassion. Sit quietly imagining the presence of this being.

Allow this being to grow in size until it fills your entire body--its head fills your head; its torso, your torso; its arms, your arms; its legs, your legs. Your skin now encases this being of wisdom, love, compassion, peace and light. Now let you and this being that fills you grow in size larger and larger, breaking out through the roof of the room in which you sit until your head grows into the heavens and you are sitting deep in the earth. Continue to grow larger and larger until you are sitting in the universe and the earth is within your belly. Experience at this moment your silence, your vastness, and, as you examine the earth within yourself, experience your compassion and your love.

Once again grow until you encompass within your being everything of which you can conceive in the universe. All forms are within you. You are THE ANCIENT ONE. Experience your aloneness, your vastness, your timelessness, your wisdom--for all lies within your being.

And now allow even this vast form to become porous, permeable, its boundaries disintegrating until you merge into that which is beyond form, beyond space and time, beyond definition...MERGE INTO GOD...REST IN YOUR TRUE BEING...

Now gently recreate the boundaries of the vast ONE which encompasses all. Once again feel each aspect of your being: your silence, your aloneness, your compassion, your wisdom, your love and your peace. Slowly begin to reduce in size until the galaxies are about you rather than within you: then smaller until the earth is outside you rather than within you; and then smaller still until you come back into the size of your own body.

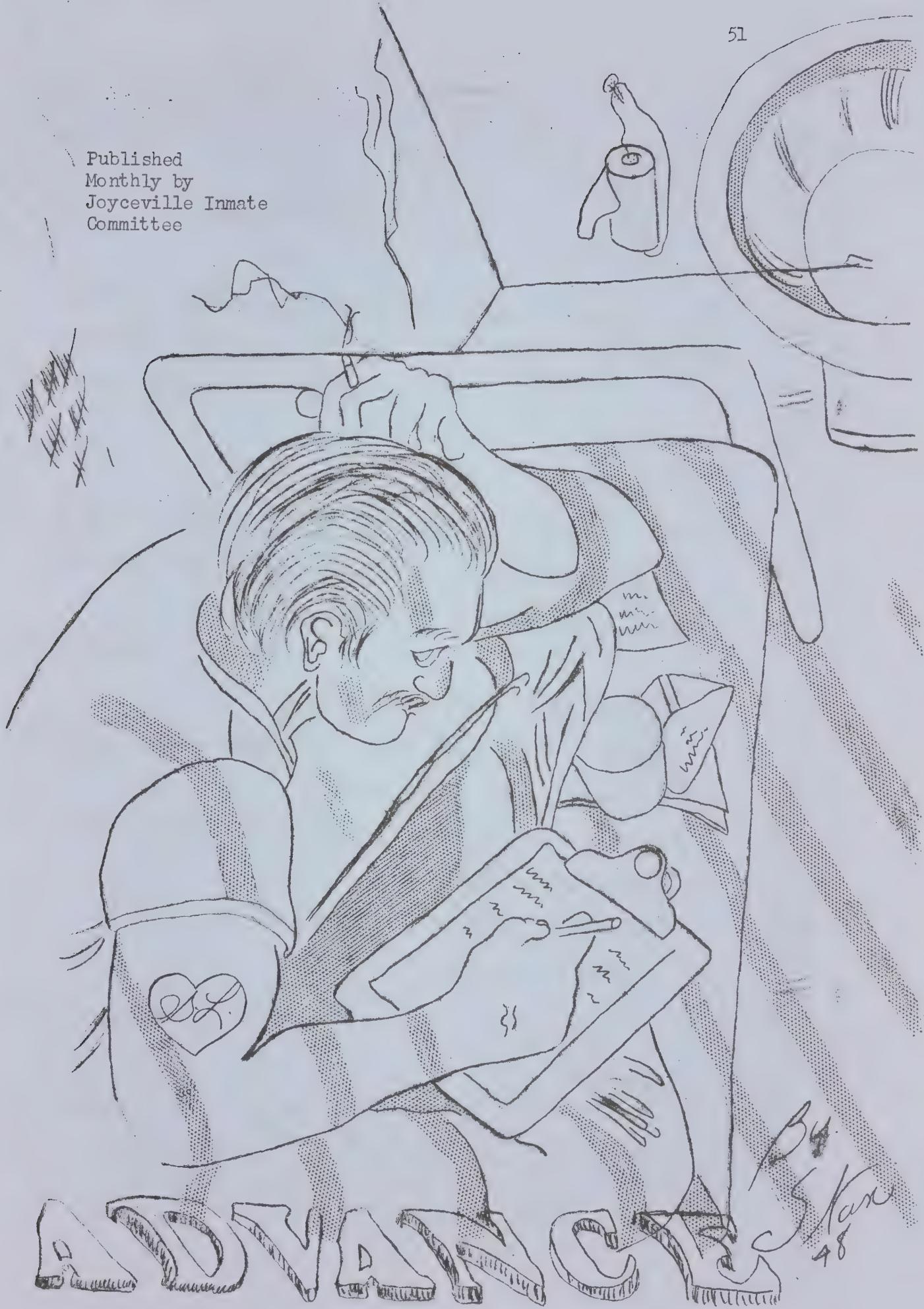
Now let this being of radiance, peace, compassion, love and wisdom which has filled you reduce in size until once again it is the size of a thumb, sitting upon a lotus in your heart. This is the true Guru within. This is your inner voice which knows all because it is all--a silent, present affirmation of God.

At any time you may go within and call upon this being for guidance. Through this being your Guru speaks, for it is IN THIS BEING THAT GOD, GURU AND SELF ARE ONE. --Blessings, Ram Dass

STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE  
NOR IRON BARS A CAGE;  
MINDS INNOCENT AND QUIET TAKE  
THAT FOR A HERMITAGE;  
IF I HAVE FREEDOM IN MY LOVE,  
AND IN MY SOUL AM FREE,  
ANGELS ALONE THAT SOAR ABOVE  
ENJOY SUCH LIBERTY.

--Richard Lovelace

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# Feelings

I am in Love with you  
With your strength and  
your warmth

Always thinking  
of all the good in life.  
I am in love with you  
With your Kindness  
and truth

Always looking  
for all the joys in life.  
I am so proud  
when you look at me  
So softly  
and the world  
can see

Our Feelings.

DEGEERA\*

LOVE by Daniel Pineault

God is love(1 John 4:8). Never have more beautiful words of truth fallen upon our understanding. These three words are the source from which the waters of the well of everlasting life spring, and as it shall be testified in due time, all shall freely drink and live.

Love's countenance is joyful, and is peaceful and will harm no one. Love is kind and merciful. Love is more powerful than any force or device. Love is the fairest of fair, and dwells in perfect goodness. Love bears the gift of happiness for all. Love inspired life and is life's inspiration. Love has tender patience and will not give up until it has all that it has poured itself upon safe within its care. God is love, and God so loves the world.

When God had completed all that He had made, which includes every creature that has ever or will ever breathe a breath of life, including me and you, He witnessed of all that it was very good(Genesis1:31). God cannot be a false witness and God cannot destroy that which is good.

Through Man's foolishness sin entered into creation and creation's once awesome harmony and beauty succumbed to sin's crippling effect, which is death. But God so loved His creation that He sent His right hand of power to destroy and conquer the corruption that has imprisoned the works of His hands in darkness. Jesus Christ has gotten us all the victory. All is won back and there remains only the fulfilling of history. As by the offense of one judgement came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life(Romans 5:18) for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive(1 Corinthians 15:22).

Jesus took upon Himself the punishment for the sins of the whole world(1 John 2:2) and tasted death for each and every one of us(Hebrews 2:9) therefor no one shall be punished for any of the iniquities of this life, the debt has been paid in full for believer and non-believer alike. There shall soon come a time of great joy for everyone when Jesus Christ our salvation is revealed to us, and out of love every knee shall bow before Him, and out of humble adoration every tongue shall confess Him as Lord, and all of this shall be to the glory of our heavenly Father who is love (Phillipians 2:10,11)(Romans 14:11) And where every knee is bowed, there doees everyone believe, and where every tongue is confessing there is salvation for all, for if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved( Romans 10:9).

It is also written in the bible...thou hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished(Proverbs 11:21). There are everlasting rewards of great value to be won, as Jesus testified,Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be(Revelation 22:12) Those who receive not these rewards,to them it shall be accounted as punishment, what we do with our lives in this life shall establish or determine whether we shall be accounted worthy or not to be trusted with the true treasures and riches of life. These rewards are unconceivably beautiful and precious, One of the rewards is the right to the tree of life and the right to enter within the gates of the holy city Jerusalem(Revelation 22:14) There are many who must stay outside of the walls of the holy city and will in no way be allowed to enter within(Revelation 22:15).However,

we do see that those written in the Lamb's Book of Life are continually coming into the city from without, making it obvious that it is also desireable to be without the walls(Revelation 21:24-27).

There are many false prophets or teachers who have deceived christians into believing that there is a place called hell where sinners shall be tormented forever. These are those to whom Jesus shall say,"Depart from me, I never knew you."(Matthew 7:23). I seriously doubt whether any man could punish with cruelty another man for all eternity, and men are evil, and yet there are those who would attribute such a merciless act to the God of Love. These certainly deserve the portion they shall receive with the hypocrites. In Revelation 20:14 we read that death and hell are cast into the eternal lake of fire and that this is the second death. Therefore, the second death is the death and destruction of death, and the death and destruction of hell. This is Jesus' ultimate victory, for which He bled and died on the cross. Afterward in Revelation 20:15 we read that those not found written in the book of life are cast into the lake of fire, but not to be killed for death has been destroyed therefor it no longer exists, rather they are cast into the lake of fire to be cleansed of the sin and death that infests their being. To illustrate this there exists today acids which if you were to immerse say a piece of metal and rubber, the acid would dissolve the metal and preserve the rubber. Likewise is the workings of the eternal lake of fire. All men are made after the similitude of God (James 3:9). When these are cast into the fire the sin and death within them shall be burned and destroyed, but that which is made after the similitude of God shall remain. God is a consuming fire(Hebrews 12:29) but He certainly does not consume Himself. Why then do those written in the Lamb's book of life need not be cast into the lake of fire? John the Baptist witnessed this of Jesus: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire(Matthew 3:11). There are two ways to be cleansed of sin and death, with the word of God, the Holy Spirit in this life, which is far better for these need not be cleansed with fire, and the second way is with fire. Nowhere in scripture was anyone baptized with fire. The apostles had what appeared to be cloven tongues of fire rest upon their heads, but they were not immersed in fire(Acts 2:3) and it states quite plainly in Acts 1:5 that they were baptized with the Holy Ghost. There is never any recorded mention of a christian being baptized or cleansed with fire. Since it is evident that there has not yet been one baptized in fire, then fire baptism by Jesus as witnessed by John is yet to be revealed.

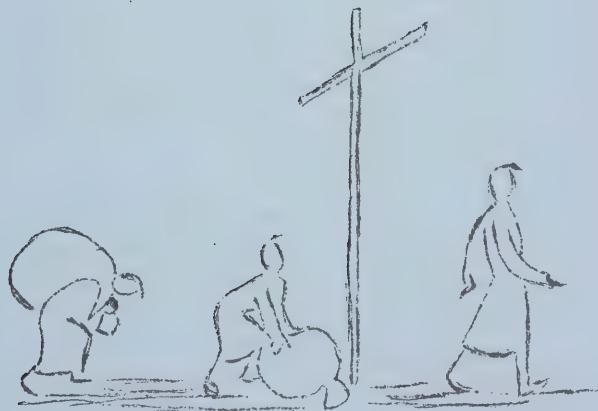
Jesus once gave an illustration of a man who found himself in the eternal lake of fire(Read Luke 16:19-31) on the surface most take note of the terrible tormenting flames and they let that flood their consciousness, but the soul who searches out the matter lets God's word direct his interpretation. God promised that perfect love casts out fear, for fear hath torment(1 John 4:18) keeping that in your heart and then again searching these passages perceive that Abraham calls the man burning his son, and the man who is burning calls Abraham his father. This suggests a close relationship of love. Also perceive that the man who in life was very selfish and greedy now humbly asks for but the tip of a finger dipped in water, and the man who in life certainly didn't care for anyone's well being we now find concerned for his brothers. This indeed suggests that he is being cleansed of his former self and iniquities. You might note also that there is a great gulf fixed between them, that no man may cross, but did you fail to note that there are some which want to pass that gulf to go to those that are on the other side(Luke 16:26). The

gulf is fixed only until the purification is complete, then God who created the gulf shall destroy it.

The good news of the gospel of Jesus Christ is that everyone and every creature that has ever lived shall someday be reunited in a paradise of beauty, peace, love and happiness forever and ever, and there shall be no pain, suffering, tears or aging, disease or death there. No matter who you are or what you have done, whether you believe or not, God loves you.

Blessed are they which purify themselves, not for the selfish gain of immortality in paradise, but because they have set to seal that God is good and they desire to be like Him. They shall be filled, and shall be worthy of God's trust.

My favorite scripture is...For therefor we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the Living God, who is the Savior of all men, specially of those that believe(1 Timothy 4:10) and another favorite is... For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior; who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; Who gave Himself a ransom for ALL, to be testified in due time (1 Timothy 2:4-6). —Daniel Pineault



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NUTRITION?

Answers and explanations to questions from page 21 .

ANSWER TO  
QUESTION #EXPLANATION

1.FALSE

Food has 6 basic constituents. In addition to protein, carbohydrates, and fats, food also consists of vitamins, minerals, and water. It is necessary to have a certain portion of each of these constituents each day for a healthful, balanced diet.

2.FALSE

Protein is not used as a fuel source to any great degree except in emergencies when the carbohydrate and fat reserves are exhausted. Protein is used primarily to build and/or repair body tissue(i.e. muscles) and to help fight infections.

3.TRUE

In addition to the bread, cereal, potatoes, and corn, good sources of carbohydrates also exist in bananas, sugars, syrups, jelly, honey, and dried and sweetened fruits.

4.TRUE

Carbohydrates form the preferred fuel of the body for most activities as it delivers a fairly high yield of energy per gram used( although not as much as fats ).

For normal adults, it is recommended that 40-50% of the total daily intake of calories be comprised of carbohydrates. Therefore, in a 2000 calorie diet, approximately 800-1000 calories should come from carbohydrate sources mentioned in #3 above.

The athlete will probably want to have about 50-60% of his diet composed of carbohydrates a few days before a competition.

5.FALSE

Fats serve a definite set of functions in overall nutrition. They supply a good source of fuel in endurance events(i.e.marathons). They deliver the highest amount of energy per gram of all fuel sources. In addition, the fatty acids in fat help to keep the skin smooth and healthy. Finally, fats are necessary to carry vitamins A,D,K, and E which can only dissolve and be transported in fat.

It is recommended that athletes have 40% of their total daily calorie intake being comprised of fats(i.e. butter, cream, fat meats,etc.).

6.FALSE

Protein can not be stored. The body will utilize whatever protein is required to repair body tissue and build new body tissue and then excrete the rest. For this reason, some forms of protein supplement are only beneficial to the toilet!!

The protein needs of the body are governed by the

RATE OF GROWTH of the individual and not its activities. Teenagers during their growth spurt and anyone building body mass(i.e. weight-lifters) require an additional amount of protein.(Note: protein supplements will be discussed in a later issue).

It is recommended that a person should take in 1 gram of protein per kilogram of body weight. This means that a person weighing 176 pounds should take in 80 grams of protein per day.

7.FALSE

All the mentioned foods are good sources of Vitamin D which is required in the prevention of rickets( a softening of children's bones). In addition, it promotes the absorption of calcium and phosphorus required in healthy bone formation.

It is recommended that 11,0 mg(milligrams) of vitamin D be ingested per day.

8.FALSE

Vitamins and minerals do not supply energy or directly build the body. These two constituents of food help control the complex chemical reactions of the body and the rate at which these reactions occur. Many vitamins are required to prevent certain diseases( see next month's issue). Calcium and phosphorus(minerals) are required for bone growth, while sodium and chlorine(minerals) are needed in the sweat process.

So don't count on vitamins and minerals to supply you with energy.

9.TRUE

The human body can survive for several weeks without food, but can survive only a few days at most without water.

Most persons are 50-70% water. The water is found in each cell of the body, in the blood, in between each of the cells, and in the lymphatic system.

The average adult requires about 1500-2000 milliliters of water per day. Athletes who are sweating a great deal should add about 500-1000 milliliters to the above amount.

Body weight can fluctuate 2-5 pounds per day simply because of loss or retention of body water.

10.FALSE

Steak is a good source of protein, but it is not necessarily the best. Pork, lamb, fish, and poultry are equally good sources of protein and should be included in the diet.

Author's Note: If you wish further information regarding any of the preceding questions, contact the Recreation Department during evening recreation.

NEXT MONTH : The next issue will present a graph of the six constituents of food, what each does for you, what are good sources of each constituent, and how much is recommended each day for healthful living.

In addition, we will present the different food groups, examples of foods within the group, and how many servings from each group you should have per day for healthful living.

POKER (Collier's Encyclopedia)

A card game, sometimes called "the great American game." The appeal of poker is based on a fundamental of human nature, according to psychologists, as throughout the game a player is wagering directly that he can beat all other contestants with the cards he holds. The various hands which can be dealt are rated according to a fixed scale of values, based on the relative frequency with which certain combinations of cards occur and recur in the dealing following a thorough shuffling of a standard 52-card deck.

There are many forms of poker, but all of them have several factors in common. The dealer gives one card at a time to the players until all have the requisite number for the particular type being played. Each player in turn then receives an opportunity to bet on his cards or drop out of the game. Eventually the single player with the best hand wins whatever has been bet during the deal.

Usually "chips" are employed as counters. They are generally of several colors, white having the lowest value, a red chip being equal to 5 whites, and a blue to 10. Sometimes yellow chips of still higher value are used. Ordinarily, in all forms of poker, one player acts as the "banker," distributing the chips to the other players and redeeming them when they are returned at the end of play. Chips may be assigned money value, ranging from the barest fraction of a cent to any amount. Poker, therefore, is considered a gambling game, though there is a factor of skill in both the strategy and tactics of poker, as well as in estimating the strength of opponents' hands from a player's known habits or mannerisms, and in misleading opponents regarding the strength or weakness of one's own hand.

In all forms of the game, the rank of the various combinations of cards in a poker hand, from the highest to the lowest is as follows:

1. Royal Flush: A,K,Q,J,10 of the same suit.
2. Straight Flush: any 5 cards of the same suit in sequence.
3. Four of a kind.
4. Full House: 3 of a kind plus a pair, e.g. 3 kings and two 5's.
5. Flush: any 5 cards, all of the same suit, but not in sequence.
6. Straight: any 5 cards in sequence, but not all of the same suit.
7. Three of a kind.
8. Two pairs.
9. One pair.
10. High card: the highest card determines the winner; in case of a tie, the next highest, and so on.

When hands of the same combinations meet, the combination having the highest cards wins. When full houses meet, the highest three of a kind win. When two pairs meet, the highest pair wins. When combinations are tied, the highest unmatched card decides.

If there are more than 7 players in a game, a double deck is usually used, with special rules. The main varieties of poker are as follows:

1. Showdown: in its simplest form, 5 cards are dealt face up to each player, the best card winning a fixed stake.

2. Draw: each player is dealt 5 cards face down. After betting on the strength of his original hand, he may draw additional cards (usually limited to three) in an attempt to improve his hand before continuing the betting.

3. Jack Pots : a form of draw poker distinguished by the rule that to open the betting a player must have a hand containing a pair of jacks or better.

4. Stud: each player is dealt two cards---one, face down, and the other, face up. The player with the highest card showing opens the betting. Then a second round of cards is dealt face up and the player with the highest combination showing opens the betting. In this manner, betting follows each round of the deal, with each player having the option to drop out at any time. In 5-card stud, a player may, if he continues to meet the highest bet on each round of the deal, receive a maximum of 5 cards---4 face up and 1 face down--known only to him. In 7-card stud, a maximum of 7 cards---4 face up and 3 face down--are dealt. In both forms of stud poker, the best 5-card hand wins.

There are other varieties of poker, games in which "wild" cards( usually a card of low denomination, which may be substituted for any other card in the deck) are designated or in which the standard forms of poker are otherwise amended for the sake of novelty. Such games include: Spit-in-the-Ocean, Up and Down the River, Criss-Cross, Michigan, Baseball, and High-Low. Often a game called Dealer's Choice is played, in which each dealer is given his choice of dealing the variety of poker he prefers.

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"It's our new electronic t.v. game called "Prize Fight."

ASTRONOMY

(1) It is now nearly four years since certain starlike objects, previously identified as strong sources of radio energy, were shown to be receding at velocities comparable to those of the most distant galaxies. The combination of small size, enormous energy output and apparent remoteness quickly made these quasi-stellar radio sources, as they first were called, the most interesting and widely-discussed subject in astronomy. As they were observed more closely a further mystery developed: many of them were found to vary in brightness and in radio output over periods as short as months, weeks or even days. If they were as distant as they seemed to be, and therefore so enormously radiant, how could their energy output fluctuate so rapidly? Some astronomers began to question if the quasi-stellar objects were really as far away as the observational evidence seemed to indicate(7 billion light years)(This cosmos has been estimated by a U.of Cal. astronomer to have a diameter of 40 billion light years). Perhaps they were not at such "cosmological" distances at all, but were comparatively close to us--objects ejected, perhaps at high velocity, from our own or neighboring galaxies(nearest galaxy:Andromeda Nebula at 2,000,000 light years)--Scientific American, December 1966

(2) It is ironical that astronomy's latest discovery, the pulsars, should have been stumbled on unexpectedly during an investigation of quasars, those starlike radio sources whose origin is still one of the outstanding problems of astrophysics. Almost exactly a year ago, a small group of workers operating a new radio telescope at the University of Cambridge were surprised to find that weak and spasmodic radio signals coming from a point among the stars were, on closer inspection, a succession of pulses as regularly spaced as a broadcast time service. With skepticism bordering on incredulity, the Cambridge group began systematic observations intended to reveal the nature of these strange signals even as they undertook to explain them away in terms of man-made radio interference. After all, seasoned radio astronomers do not make the mistake of supposing that every queer signal on their records is truly celestial; in 99 cases out of 100 peculiar "variable radio sources" turn out to be some kind of electrical interference--from a badly suppressed automobile ignition circuit, for example, or a faulty connection in a nearby refrigerator.

As the days went by excitement rose when we found that the pulses were coming from a body no larger than a planet situated relatively close to us among the nearer stars of our galaxy. Were the pulses some kind of message from another civilization? This possibility was entertained only for lack of an obvious natural explanation for signals that seemed so artificial. It soon declined in attractiveness with the discovery of similar pulses coming from three other directions in space, and with the absence of any planetary motion associated with the sources.(Presumably another civilization would have to occupy a planet.) We finally concluded that the only plausible explanation for these mystifying radio sources was that they were caused in some way by the vibrations of a collapsed star, such as a white dwarf or a neutron star.—Scientific Am. October'68.

(3) The early observation that the tails of certain comets always point away from the sun provided a hint of the vast movements and interactions of plasmas in the universe. A plasma is a gas with distinctive electrical

properties. The tails of many comets consist of a plasma, and the fact that they are directed away from the sun led the German astrophysicist Ludwig Biermann to the recognition of another cosmic plasma: the solar "wind," a thin, hot gas expelled by the sun. The plasma tail of a comet points away from the sun for the same reason that a wind sock at an airport shows the direction of an earthly wind.—Sc. Am., Nov 1965

(4) During the second quarter of this century astronomers gradually came to realize that many of the faint nebulas that populate the sky are really great islands of stars far outside our own galaxy. On the basis of their appearance Edwin P. Hubble of the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories divided these objects into two broad classes: spiral galaxies, whose general shape resembled a flat pinwheel, and elliptical galaxies, smooth, featureless structures that range in shape from elliptical to spherical. A typical large galaxy, such as our own spiral galaxy, contains about 100 billion stars. In the universe visible to the largest telescopes there are billions of galaxies.

In 1943 Carl K. Seyfert, then working as a postdoctoral student at the Mount Wilson Observatory, described a small class of spiral galaxies that seemed notably different from the hundreds of other spirals they superficially resembled. The most distinctive feature of the Seyfert galaxies (as they are now called) is that they have very small, intensely bright nuclei whose broad emission lines, as recorded in spectrograms, indicate that the atoms present are in a high state of excitation. The spectra of normal galaxies show few, if any, strong emission lines, and those they do show are rather narrow and typical of the emission lines found in the nebulas within our own galaxy.

In addition to their puzzling spectra, the Seyfert galaxies now confront astronomers with a number of other peculiar properties. The light emitted by at least two of the Seyfert galaxies has varied strongly over a period measured in months. Two of them are now known to be powerful emitters of radio energy, and this emission has been changing violently in intensity. Several of the Seyfert galaxies emit an enormous amount of energy in the infra-red region of the spectrum by a mechanism as yet unknown. All Seyfert galaxies emit more ultraviolet radiation than can be explained in terms of starlight, and in some instances this radiation is polarized.—Sc. Am. January 1969

(5) If we could view our galaxy (Milky Way Galaxy) from outside, we would see a giant pinwheel made up of billions of stars rotating slowly around a compact, brilliant nucleus. Looking more closely, we would detect that the spherical volume of space above and below the pinwheel was not empty but was filled with billions of much fainter stars, and scattered about in this "halo" we would also see some 200 fuzzy but brightly glowing globules made up of stars. Close inspection would reveal that each globule consists of from 100,000 to a million stars, most of which are of low luminosity. These are the globular clusters. If one could collapse some hundred of millions of years into a few minutes, one would see that the 200 clusters are travelling in giant elliptical orbits around the nucleus of the galaxy, closely resembling the old-fashioned picture of electrons whirling around the nucleus of an atom.

The globular clusters are fascinating astronomical objects in their own right, but what has pushed them to the forefront of theoretical

interest has been the recognition that the stars in globular clusters are exceedingly ancient and contain clues to the early history of the universe. Indeed, some of the first estimates of their age were so high(20 to 25 billion years) that they could not be reconciled with the apparently much younger age of the universe, as inferred from the recession velocity of distant galaxies. The velocity measurements imply that all the galaxies emerged from a primordial fireball(Ylem) no more than 12 or 13 billion years ago. Sc.Am., July 1970.

(6) Since light has a finite velocity the astronomer can never hope to see the universe as it actually exists today. Far from being a handicap, however, the finite velocity of light enables him to peer back in time as far as his instruments and ingenuity can carry him. If he can correctly interpret the complex messages coded in electromagnetic radiation of various wavelengths, he may be able to piece together the evolution of the universe back virtually to the moment of creation. According to prevailing theory, that moment was some 10 billion years ago, when the total mass of the universe exploded out of a small volume, giving rise to the myriad of galaxies, radio galaxies and quasars(star-like objects more luminous than galaxies) whose existence has been slowly revealed during the past half-century.

Optical observations have shed little light on the evolution of ordinary galaxies because even with the most powerful optical telescopes such galaxies cannot be studied in detail if they are much farther away than one or two billion light years. The astronomer sees them as they looked one or two billion years ago, when they were already perhaps eight or nine billion years old. Quasars, on the other hand, provide a direct glimpse of the universe as it existed eight or nine billion years ago, only one or two billion years after the "big bang" that presumably started it all.

Some 50 years ago, the first large telescopes had shown that the light from distant galaxies is shifted toward the red end of the spectrum; the more distant the galaxy, the greater its red shift and the higher its velocity of recession. Like raisins in an expanding cosmic pudding, all the galaxies are receding from one another. From the observed velocities of recession one can compute that some 10 billion years ago all the matter in the universe was jammed into a tiny volume of space(Ylem).

--- Sc.Am., May 1971.



"Now don't tell me—let me guess...you're the Lone Ranger!"

## ANTARCTICA by Isaac Azimov

The South Pole has always been where it now is, relative to the Sun(if we allow for the regular changes of the precession of the equinoxes, nutation and so on) for perhaps 4 billion years at least.

Antarctica, however, hasn't.

The earth's crust is cracked into about a dozen good-sized plates. Driven by some internal engine(perhaps the slow circulation of material within the earth's mantle, itself powered by Earth's internal heat), these plates shift position. They pull apart at some joints, forming mountain ranges--or else one plate may dive under another to form oceanic trenches.

And on the plates are the chunks of continental granite, riding high on a bed of sea-floor basalt. Slowly, the continents approach each other and recede, and every once in a while they come together in such a fashion as to form a single super-continent called "Pangaea" (Greek for "all-Earth").

Some 225,000,000 years ago, the most recent Pangaea existed, and ocean water rolled over both poles. What is now the Antarctic Ocean was ice-covered as the Arctic Ocean is now, and, undoubtedly, under the ice there was a varied sea-life in existence so that myriads of life-forms preceded both skua birds and human beings at the South Pole.

But Pangaea broke up, and its portions, on different plates, moved apart("continental drift"). About 40,000,000 years ago, one fragment of Pangaea broke up into Madagascar, Australia, India, and Antarctica. India veered northward and finally collided with Asia to form the great Himalayan mountain range at the crumpling line of collision. Antarctica moved southward for a rendezvous with its frozen destiny.

For millions of years, though, before Antarctica moved through the Antarctic Circle and over the South Pole, it had a mild climate. In the days when amphibians ruled the land and early reptiles were beginning to appear, it must have teemed with life.

Scott, himself, the tragic second at the South Pole, had come upon a deposit of coal in Victoria Land in 1903--and where there is coal there was once copious plant life. This, in itself, proved that the Antarctic was warm in times past, or that Antarctica wasn't always in the Antarctic. For half a century, it was the first guess that was the popular one, but for the last twenty years, we are convinced that it is the second that is correct.

Nor could the coal have originated in some way not involving life. Fossilized trunks of trees have been found, and imprints of leaves on rocks. The prints are detailed enough to be identified as having been formed by leaves of "*Glossopteris*," a plant that flourished in

the tropical jungles of Africa and South America 225,000,000 years ago.

Where plants exist, animal life is sure to exist as well, but Antarctica is not exactly a happy-hunting-ground for paleontologists. Ice, kilometers thick, covers the ground where fossils might be found--but not absolutely everywhere.

In December 1967, a New Zealand geologist, Peter J. Barrett, came across something on Graphite Peak that looked like a pebble, but turned out to be a fragment of bone that was eventually identified as a part of the skull of an ancient amphibian called a "labyrinthodont." Others began to comb the area, and in March 1968, the American paleontologist, Edwin H. Colbert, discovered the lower jawbone of a labyrinthodont in a cliff about 520 kilometers(325 miles) from the South Pole. The jawbone was surrounded by fossils of swamp plants.

The jawbone was quite like the labyrinthodont relics located in Africa, Madagascar, and Australia, and the labyrinthodonts were fresh-water creatures who could not have crossed oceans. Their existence in all these places showed that the land must once have been a single piece and offers the best proof that continental drift had actually taken place.

In 1969, fossil fragments of a small hippopotamus-like reptile called "lystrosaurus" were discovered at Coalsack Bluff, about 650 kilometers(400 miles) from the South Pole. Then, on November 10, 1970, James Colinson discovered the first complete vertebrate fossil ever found in Antarctica, a foot-long "cynodont," a mammal-like reptile.

It seems quite obvious, then, that however desolate Antarctica is now, it was once rich with life. If we could dig straight down from the South Pole, that spot reached, after so much effort by human beings, we would find that any number of creatures had once been on that spot and left their fossils behind, and that they had long antedated skua birds and human beings alike.

But those long-dead creatures had never gotten to the South Pole under their own power.

Antarctica itself, crawling with infra-glacial slowness, had brought them there.



The bright golden rays of the sun shone through the open window and laid to rest on the mahogany desk. Over in the corner, to the left of the window, stood a single coatrack with the doctor's coat carelessly hung. For the third time in as many days, I was sitting in the uncomfortable solid oak chair across the desk from the psychiatrist, giving the same answers to the same questions, over and over again. He kept wanting to know why I threw my half brother down the steps and I kept telling him that the little guy was bugging me.

The doctor, an overweight, out-of-shape man, was more persistent than anyone I had ever met. I thought as I sat there that this man probably wouldn't be putting me through all this if I were older and bigger, but as it was I presented no threat to him. I mean, what is a sixty pound kid going to do to a two hundred and fifty pound man? I was getting a little worried about these talks because he wasn't satisfied with the answers I was giving him and I was afraid he might decide to get physical about the whole thing.

After about two hours of the same questions he finally decided that he had gone through enough with me and ended the session. He said that we would not be meeting again because he was declaring me incorrigible and placing me in training school. I didn't have the slightest idea what incorrigible meant, but if you could go to training school for it then it couldn't be good.

Since it was going to be several days before the arrangements could be made, I was placed in a Windsor detention home. All of this was new to me so it came as quite a surprise to me when on my arrival, a housemaster picked me up and brutally threw me into a room. Before locking the door he left me with a warning that should I make any noise, the punishment I would get would far surpass what I had already gotten. This was a point I was to painfully learn several days later.

When the housemaster had left, my confusion and fear did their level best to make me cry. However, in spite of the persistence of my emotions to break free into expression, I refused to allow any tears. My reasoning made it pretty clear to me that where there were tears, there was also noise, and if I made any noise I was in for a beating. You can't beat that kind of reasoning.

It was during the process of convincing myself not to cry that I first heard a light tapping sound. After several attempts at ignoring it, all without success, I decided to investigate. What I eventually concluded was that whoever was in the next room was African and wanted to communicate with me. If it wasn't for the fact that I couldn't communicate I would have answered with, "Knock it off Pigmay!"

For six days I remained in that room, only coming out to wash. Also for six days I listened to Cheetah's cousin tapping on the wall. Since I did not know how to tap out, "Knock it off, Jane, you're giving me a headache," one of us had to go. There was no doubt in my mind at all as to which one of us that should be. I spent several long hours that night devising a clever foolproof plan of escape. By morning I was ready to put phase one of my plan into action.

Breakfast arrived at its usual time, and when the housemaster left me to eat I began to work. Taking the spoon from the tray, I began the tedious job of removing the putty from the window frame. I worked as

quickly as I could because I wanted to make my escape that night. The work continued through lunch, and by the end of supper all the putty was removed from the window and stored safely under my bed.

The time had arrived for phase two of my brilliant plan, which was to remove the window. This operation took only seconds and made way for phase three, climbing out. I reached up, taking hold of the top portion of the window frame. Pulling myself up I gained easy access to the ledge outside the window. Once there I quickly realized that I could not get to the ground, unless it was the hard way. I was three floors up, but this did not disturb me, since all I really had to do was go to the roof, and I could do that very easily from here.

Reaching the roof I felt a great sense of satisfaction, as well as accomplishment. So far everything had gone well with my plan. So what if I had overlooked how to get down from the third floor window ledge? I was on the roof now so that problem was behind me--or was it? A feeling of hopelessness slowly overcame me as more and more my predicament made itself known to me. Finally it hit me: "If I couldn't get down from the third floor, how the hell would I do it from the roof?"

Frantically, I searched for some way down, but there was none. Now all I could do was sit and wait. I couldn't get back in the window because of my own fear of falling. I mean I did want to reach the ground, but I wanted it to be in one piece, not several broken pieces.

The time I spent on the roof was short lived, because of the six-thirty pm count, which turned up one missing seven year old dummy. It took very little time for the housemaster to deduce that the only place I could have gone was the roof. As he looked up and our eyes met, I could see what looked like a perverse satisfaction in his expression. Almost as if he were pleased I had tried to escape.

Within a few minutes of being discovered by the housemaster the Fire Department arrived to perform the daring rescue. I wasn't exactly sure that I wanted to be rescued, but what I wanted or didn't want really didn't count for much lately, so I went along willingly. The housemaster was smiling when I was handed over to him, but the smile quickly disappeared when the fireman left.

I was taken completely by surprise when the housemaster grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and dragged me up the stairs. I don't really know why that surprised me after what I had already experienced at the hands of these people. At any rate my feet did not touch the stairs even once all the way up. That doesn't mean my posterior didn't, because it did. Several times as a matter of fact, and it hurt.

Since I had taken the window out in my room, I was given a new room. I was introduced to this room in much the same way as to my first room when I arrived here. To be more precise, I was thrown in, only this time it didn't end there. While I was getting up from the floor I felt a sharp pain in my side closely followed by a powerful force on the right side of my face. I didn't feel anything after that.

When my senses finally returned to me I was curled up in the corner involuntarily whimpering. I crawled to the bed hoping I could lose the pain in sleep. I wanted to cry but I fought against it. There was no way these bastards were going to make me cry. I tried to look at the bright side, at least I didn't have to listen to the pigmy tapping on the wall. Finally, sleep came but there was no relief, for even into the depths of unconsciousness the pain followed.

When morning arrived I felt like I had been involved in ten fights and lost them all. Getting up was a painful process and quite a slow one. Every muscle in my body cried out its protest with every move I made. It was a damn sight better than having the housemaster get me up though. I had all I wanted of him. No sooner had my feet touched the floor when the door flew open and the jolly green giant shouted at me to come out and get washed. I did so immediately and without question.

After breakfast I was called out again and informed that I was leaving for the training school. I nearly shouted my joy at receiving this news. Finally, I would be rid of these heavyweights and would no longer have to worry about getting beatings, or so I thought at the time. Can't blame a guy for being hopeful, can you?

The housemaster introduced me to the Sheriff, who looked just like Santa Claus, except for two things: he didn't have a beard and he was too damn mean. The Sheriff asked what happened when he saw my face and was told that I liked to escape. He smiled and said, "I hope you try that with me, son!" With that he turned to the housemaster and asked where the other one was. The housemaster said, "In his room," and promptly turned on his heel heading in the direction of my first room. In a few minutes he returned with another boy. It was the kid who was tapping all those messages to me.

I felt like I should be angry at this guy, but when I took stock of the situation, I realized that I needed all the friends I could get. Besides, I was in no shape to start new battlefronts. Actually Dale (that was his name) and I got to know each other pretty well during the long trip to the training school, even though we were not allowed to talk. Just being with someone who shared the same circumstances as me was enough. Dale felt the same way.

The trip to the training school seemed to take forever. If Dale and I were not two frightened kids before we got there, we were now. This place that was to be our home for awhile was huge and scary.

When we entered the building we were hustled into a small room and told to wait. Being in another strange place, coupled with the waiting and wondering, sparked my fear. Suddenly I didn't want to be rebellious anymore. I didn't want the beatings and the pain that accompanied them. All I wanted was to be with my grandfather and grandmother. I wanted the farm, the freedom, the love and the security. I wanted all the things I had before that man came along and called me son. How long was the punishment going to last?

Just then the door flew open with a crash and a giant of a man stepped in. He must have been at least six and a half feet tall, with a chubby face, broad shoulders and a pot belly. The hair he did have was grey. He introduced himself as Mr. Brown the Superintendent, then went on to tell me that I was Harold Bastien and that my buddy with me was Dale Martin. Of course I didn't know who I was or who Dale was so this introduction was extremely helpful.

The next thing chubby had to say to us came in the form of a command for us to get undressed and showered. We obeyed without delay because Brownie didn't strike us as being a very patient man. When we were finished in the shower, we were given khaki clothes to wear.

The rules were the next thing on the agenda. We were taken to Brownie's office where they were read out to us. As they were being read out I wondered how anyone could be expected to remember them all. Brownie must

have read my thoughts because he asked if we knew what happened when the rules were broken. We shook our heads in answer to this question. Since we didn't know, King Kong decided to give us a demonstration. He adorned his sweetest smile and in his most pleasant tone said, "Would you boys please bend over? It's so much easier that way."

Needless to say, we bent, he hit, and it hurt. I decided then and there I had been punished enough for throwing my half brat down the steps. From now on if I got punished it would be for something new that I did, and I intended to do a lot of things. There was no more room for being afraid and dreaming of home. Home as I had known it, wasn't mine anymore. I could feel tears coming to the surface, but there was no way they would make me cry. My mind was screaming: "No way! Do you hear me you bastards? No way! You can't make me cry!" What the hell was the use, they couldn't hear me. My vocal chords were too choked up to carry the message.

When Mr. Brown was finished with his sadistic pleasures Dale and I were taken to a dormitory, where we were introduced to the housemaster on duty. When the introduction was completed we were sent to bed. It was late evening by now and both of us were exhausted. Sleep came easily.

Getting up the next morning was no easy chore to accomplish. My side still registered pain and my head felt like it had been unscrewed and used in the soccer game of the year. Needless to say I was a little slow at getting up. This cost me a smack in the ear. The housemaster on the day shift was in no mood to fool around with guys who were slow at getting up. After the smack, which I'm sure was done only to get my attention, the housemaster introduced himself as Mr. Browl. He said unless I wanted another smack, I should get up immediately and prepare myself for breakfast. I did.

Dale having taken the morning scene in, asked me if I was all right. I told him that I was and we proceeded with getting ready for breakfast. While we were at the sink washing one of the other guys came over. Without saying a word he grabbed Dale by the shoulder and spun him around. He said that blacks were not allowed to wash in the same sinks as everyone else. Dale's complexion was dark because he was of African descent. When Dale ignored the comment and turned his back, the other kid hooked him in the back of the head. This was hardly fair, so I hooked the guy back. He spun around on his heels and ran out of the room, returning a couple of minutes later with the housemaster. I felt certain that this would warrant strong punishment, but this particular housemaster was just chock full of surprises. He just smiled and said, "Since you like fighting so much, we'll give you a chance later to get it all out of your system." Then he left.

When everyone was washed and dressed, we were lined up in twos and marched to breakfast. During the procession to breakfast I noticed that Mr. Browl carried a cane. It didn't take long to find out that he did not need it for walking. If any of the guys had two left feet like I did, then they also had sore shins like I did. I am now thirty-eight years old and as a result of that cane, I can still march with the best of them.

Since this was our first day at the training school, it consisted mostly of just touring the place. The first stop for Dale and I was the school. We were introduced to the teacher who decided after talking with us that we would begin in grade four. After being taken on the full tour we were taken back to the dorm. There we were introduced to the housemaster on the afternoon shift. He seemed to be much easier to get along with than Mr. Browl. At least he didn't have to hit you to get your attention.

When supper was over that evening I was a little surprised to see Mr. Browl back at the dorm. He had finished his shift so why would he be here? The answer wasn't long in coming."Bastien, report to the gym immediately!" Although I didn't know what this was all about, I reported to the gym. I was immediately sorry that I had.

In the center of the gym there was a boxing ring all set up and ready for a fight to begin. I was beginning to understand what Browl the Growler meant when he said they would get the fighting out of my system. I understood now why he did not hit me for hooking the other kid in the shower. He was going to let one of the other kids do the hitting. Well, that was all right with me. At least this time while I was getting punished I could fight back.

My first opponent was a guy named Tim. As it turned out, he was to be my only opponent. Waiting for the fight to start I tried to recall all the things my grandfather had taught me about fighting. Even though the hospital had taped my ribs they were still sore and I knew that just one punch there would end the fight for me. I also felt sure that Mr. Browl had made certain my opponent knew it. Whatever I did in this fight it had to be done quickly.

The bell sounded and both Tim and I moved to the center of the ring. I moved cautiously, not wanting to make the first move or mistake. If I could get him to throw the first punch, then I could move in close and try to put him down with one punch. My grandfather's words came back to me:"Let your opponent commit himself, then move in and hit him for all your worth."

While I was remembering my grandfather's words, Tim made his move. He threw a fake left to my head and at the same time drove with his right straight for my rib cage. I spun away from the right, but stepped into his left. For a kid he had a hell of a punch. I was happy it got me in the head and not in the ribs. I moved in more cautiously this time and determined myself to end this fight. Tim's confidence was riding high because he had landed the first blow with no retaliation from me. He came at me like a bull, cocking his right arm to deliver the winning punch. I let him get in close and when he swung I ducked down low, coming up with a right to a point just below his rib cage. I could feel the air on my back as it left his lungs in one big swoosh. His knees grew weak and he sagged to the floor.

The fight was called to a stop at this point by the housemaster on duty. He took me aside and asked me where I learned how to fight. I told him I had the best teacher in the world, my grandfather. He congratulated me on my win and left. Mr. Browl wasn't quite so complimentary about the whole thing. He just said there would be other fights and left.



GO BOY! Memoirs of a life behind bars, by Roger Caron; McGraw-Hill Ryerson; 264 pages; \$10.95.  
by Helen Frayne (Ottawa Citizen, Saturday, May 27, 1978)

Roger Caron is 39 and has spent 23 years of his life in prison—Guelph, Kingston, Collin's Bay, Millbrook, Stoney Mountain, St. Vincent de Paul and even Penetanguishine for the criminally insane. Currently, he is eligible for a gradual-release program.

Caron began writing his autobiography as self-imposed therapy 14 years ago, while serving a 19-month stint in solitary confinement at Kingston Penitentiary.

It is a book about rage: Caron's rage about society and his inability to conform, and rage about an unbelievably inhumane penal system.

Go Boy! also indicts our prisons with its account of the Limbo Room at Guelph, the Chinese Cell at Kingston, shock treatment and "paddling"—an instrument of official torture.

The phrase "Go Boy!" is a prisoner's chant for an escapee making a run for freedom. Caron tried to escape many times. After one spectacular attempt in 1972, he stood trial for bank robbery. He had locked up three guards, rifled the jail's safe and driven across the Canada-United States border in a stolen car. At the trial he was described as a man without a conscience, a hopeless case.

#### Wild boyhood

After having been pushed around and beaten for most of his life, he finally could not accept that he was a "hopeless case" so he began writing.

He wrote about his wild boyhood in Cornwall, his family, being sent to Guelph at 16 and life in prison: beatings, drag queens, snakes in cells, rats and untamed cats coming up from sewers, his fellow prisoners.

He could not admit that he was a failure. He says, "I needed something to show for all those years." And he has. Go Boy! is a stark, moving book. It's a story with pathos, horror, irony and wry wit. It's also a story of how man can demean man:

"Everybody it seemed was bent on assassinating my character on this day, or at least assassinating the individual that emerged from my police record. Each verbal swipe struck home with the impact of a whip. I wanted to raise my manacled hands and cover my ears and scream that they were wrong in their conclusions, that I wasn't the mindless robot they were so cruelly dissecting as if I was part of a biological experiment that had gone haywire. I wanted to find the words to convince them that I was a human being just like everybody else in the courtroom..."

Caron was a loser all his life, until he began writing his story. He could not conform to the rules of society but he could, and did, conform to the unwritten code of convicts. He was loyal to his friends and has dozens of guard-inflicted scars to prove it.

Pierre Berton has written a sympathetic foreword to Go Boy!, and the glossary of prison terms Caron provides tells you the meaning of

"damper"(the hole) or "spike"(hypodermic needle).

If you doubt that our prisons are medieval or often torture chambers, Go Boy! will remove the doubt. It is an appalling story. But it needs to be told.

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### S & R : Stimulus & Response

Life Stimulus: experience

Life Response: any action which greets the experience, shuns the experience or ignores the experience

Both Life Stimulus and Life Response are measured in terms of scope of alternatives available and also in willingness of the subject to use alternatives available.

No cultural scene is optimum with respect to S & R needs and desires of any individual. Thus Life Continuity is motivated as we continue looking for opportunities and missing links to enable awareness and consciousness to expand--on the route to superman-- which to us means solving chronic problems civilization has endured for centuries...

\*\*\*\*\*



GOOD MORNING, HE SAYS!  
WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT?

## THE DUCHESS OF EVERYWHEN

By Bill Hutton

(FSF)



She was a princess and since her daddy was the emperor they called her The Duchess of Everywhen.

During her rest periods she was only 4 inches high. When she was active she could go out to several miles in width. Naturally, her voice varied from a tinkle to a growl more terrifying than any bear's. She had awful claws too which she could make as hard as diamonds. When she was itty-bitty she felt like a luscious plum off the vine. Of course, you couldn't really touch her because that was forbidden, but she looked like peaches if you know what I mean...

When she was relaxing she lived at the top of a very high mountain of glass. It was her haven and even a bird would have to be very strong to fly so high. Only eagles could do it safely.

For some reason or other some soap suds company started a foolish contest. They offered a million dollars to any knight who could ride his horse up the glass mountain and say hello to the princess. The popularity made her so giddy that she had made a number of gold balls for her cannons so that when the winner came over the top she could give him a proper salute. I often wondered if the princess was a bit cracked, but since I didn't ride a horse I didn't suppose I'd ever be able to ask her.

As it was, knights came from all over in their Jaguars and Mercedes and other strange horse powers to try their hand at the silicon slopes.

It was so foolish I paid close attention to all the details. Even if the suitors for the million dollars didn't know it, the princess could turn into a thunder cloud several miles deep and blow them off the mountain into a nearby ravine. But then, who believes in witches until after they've eaten the poisoned apple anyway? It would be a good show up to the last act, at which time I hoped I'd be in Honolulu.

The contest was called The Grand Pray, after some extinct celebration back in the Middle Ages where motor cars raced around mountains so the drivers could get colored ribbons proving they were first and second and third, whatever these archaic terms meant. I suspect it referred

to colors of their horses, but the historians are not quite settled on this point as yet. The winner would of course get a million dollars. Some archaic experts were of the opinion that the hand of the lady in marriage was the big deal. But I disagree with this. It isn't logical. Women are a dime a dozen and a million dollars will buy a lot of hands if you know what I mean. In any case, I don't want to sound cynical or as if I'm doing a commercial for one of those soap suds operas, so I'll just say that women are appreciated a great deal by most knights and go on with my story...

The Black Knight (the Mystery Rider) didn't appear until late in the contest. The rest of the knights had worn out their metallic steeds trying to negotiate the slippery slopes of the silicon silliness. The Duchess did try to encourage them by firing her gold-laden cannons down the slopes. The golden balls whizzed past the riders and intensified the challenge. They weighed about a pound apiece so there was enough value there to buy a few gallons of gas to get the wrecks home from the slopes, if there was anything left of them. Even Goodyear steel belt radials wouldn't do more than hum a high little obligato tune on those runways. What you really needed was tires built like football shoes with cleats, or even mountain-climbing pitons embedded in the rubber. Even then I didn't think the glass would crack sufficiently to give a good hold. Perhaps some research should have been done by someone as to how flies walk on panes of glass and shiny ceilings. I don't know if the technologists could have adapted this information to cars though.

In any case, the Black Knight actually drove his steed up the mountain at a casual pace, an insufferable arrogant leer on his face. I hurriedly checked his traction with my binoculars before he went out of sight around the first bend (no one else had gotten so far!) and I saw no wheels at all. It seems that he was riding on a cushion of air. I couldn't dig the mechanics! Wouldn't air slide on glass? Perhaps not with all that suction. So! The fly was somewhat imitated at that!

We waited and waited at the bottom of the glass mountain for that Black Knight to return. But all we could observe was a black cloud growing larger by the minute at the peak. It looked like the Duchess of Everywhen was taking off to start a hurricane somewhere.

What had happened to that Black Knight? We suspected foul play, but we soon heard a chugging and there he was, coming around the mountain's last curve, the back seat of his strange vehicle loaded with gold cannon balls.

It seems the princess was quite taken with the Black Knight. He'd made "the royal grade" if you know what I mean. Since the mountain was not pregnable to him I suppose the Duchess of Everywhen had made the right choice. She'd given him the gold cannon balls as a memento of the occasion. The last I saw of the lucky knight he was autographing them and giving them to passersby as if he'd just won some ball game by hitting a home run.

Oh well, he had the million dollars. A few pounds of gold was trivial and was inclined to stretch the upholstery too much to be bothered with....

## PSYCHOLOGICAL SAFARI----Dr. Doug Montgomery

\*\*How does a psychologist come to terms with the seemingly ambivalent standard with respect to "story telling," in that his are "socially or professionally wise" while the inmate is classified as a "con man" when he stories him in return?

-- The psychologist knows, and everybody else should know, that social and interpersonal window-dressing are normal, everyday behaviors. A storekeeper tries to sell his goods by displaying them in an attractive setting. The goods are real and true, and the setting is real and true, but with a different setting the goods would not sell so quickly. It is equally legitimate to try to sell ourselves by appearing in an attractive setting and putting our best qualities to the fore.

Two noted psychologists, in particular, have been concerned with this aspect of personality. C.G. Jung considered the personna-mask a basic factor in his psychological thought. He sees the individual as having many personalities from which a selection is brought to the fore according to its appropriateness for a given situation. Erving Goffman has made observational studies of how people's behavior changes as they pass from a situation which demands one mask to a situation which demands another. For example, a husband and wife, on their way to visit bereaved friends, may engage in cheerful, relaxed conversation until they come within sight of their destination. Then they adjust their expression to one in keeping with the anticipated mood of a house of sorrow, and probably stop talking altogether. Another example is the bantering, perhaps aggressive, behavior of the waiter in the kitchen, while putting food on his trays, contrasted with his dignified, submissive demeanor a few moments later when he is speaking to the customers.

You might argue that there is an element of dishonesty in all this. Clearly, the truth can be stretched until it is no longer truth. However, I believe that there are social conventions which make some "dishonesty" honest. When all parties understand that the first figure mentioned will be an "asking price" there is no deception, even though the asker knows that what he is claiming to be a fair price is not related to the value of the goods. If these various social conventions were ignored, social chaos would result. What would be the reaction, in a home where a tragedy had occurred, if an acquaintance who did not feel deeply about the matter, paid a call and talked casually and cheerfully to everybody about recent sports activities, and the exploits of his buddies, and threw in a few amusing stories to help everybody to be happy? If you were paying for a meal in a restaurant, how would you like the waiter to treat you with the same egalitarian spirit as he displays towards the staff in the kitchen?

The question arises, which is the real personality of these people? The visitor is being himself in uttering words of condolence. The waiter is being himself in being courteously and subserviently concerned with the requests of his patrons. Yet both of them were also being themselves in living a very different role a minute or two earlier.

The truth seems to be that most of us are not sure which of the various masks we wear, for different occasions, is the real "me." We switch automatically from one role to another, usually without being conscious that we have done it, because we have no one role or mask that we can say is truly ourselves. Some people are more accurately sure of who they are, or what they are, than others.

This is a sign of mental health, but none of us is a hundred percent healthy.

Dealing more directly with the original question, it will be clear now that a person who wears contradictory masks, or plays contradictory roles, often has no intention to deceive. His behavior is inconsistent, but he is not sure which is the real "him." In any ambiguous situation we usually take the interpretation that satisfies us most. It could be the true one!

When the inmate tells me a "story" I am not just concerned with the scientific or historical truth of the story. I am concerned, too, with the appropriateness of the story to the situation it is meant to fit. The somber tones, the solemn visage, the hushed voice are appropriate in a house where there has been bereavement. They would not be appropriate at a rollicking party, even if they expressed accurately how the person felt at the time.

If an inmate frequently indicates admiration for the successful exploits of his criminal friends, who did big jobs and never got caught, and then, in connection with a parole board hearing, tries to impress me with his detestation of crime and violence and his identification with the square John, his untruthfulness itself is not always my main concern. One of my big concerns would be that he knows so little about human nature that he expects the mask that he is trying to wear to be accepted as his real face. I do not like anyone going out into the world wearing a notice, which only he can not see--"I am a fraud." I am troubled, not because the inmate is deceiving me, but because he thinks he is. He must be able to believe, at the very least, that the mask he is showing maybe could be his real face.

On the other hand, when the inmate is trying to do a good job on the parole board and the psychologist, and has the story cut out like a suit that fits, he has often convinced himself. He believes that the escape, which the Living Unit Officers keep talking about, was all the fault of the Security Officers (No, A.....B....., I wasn't even thinking of you.), and that the whole crime was committed by the neighbor, who had asked him to drive the truck, before he knew anything was happening, and that he was running away from the scene because he had suddenly remembered that his mother had told him not to forget to stir the porridge.

We can all believe what we want to believe, if we want to believe it badly enough. What I hear is not just a stuck together story, made up of pieces that do not fit. I hear a desperate need to believe such a stuck-together, incongruent story in order to keep a fragile, shaken personality from falling to pieces. The human mind, in its need, seems to be convinced that, if it can not patch itself up with the truth, it is better to be patched up with falsehood than not to be patched up at all. If the psychologist is doing his job he does not only hear the lies which the inmate tells, or which the psychologist tells. He sees the inmate's, or his own, need to tell the lies. And when you can see that, you know a lot more than most people do about that person.

And if these comments seem to be undermining all morality, look at some of the paradoxes of Christian literature:

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.--Exodus 20:16

The pretension of having it(truth) leads to a new lie.--Reinhold Niebuhr

(Maybe it's just the difference between proximate and ultimate truth).

Man, are we up against it!



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Dorothy Chunn,  
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